TWO SUPPLEMENTS WITH THIS NUMBER.

I.—A Four-page View of the Chicago Fair Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court. II.—Eight Pages—including a Detective Story by A. Conan Doyle.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1899.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(WITH COVER AND THIRTY-TWO PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 13, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A notable article, giving the Chinese view of the Geary bill, contributed to the WEEKLY *by Thomas D. Riordan, of San Francisco, appeared in our last number. Mr. Riordan is the representative of the powerful Chinese corporation known as the Six Companies, and is one of the lawyers employed to assist in testing the constitutionality of the Chinese registration law. In this number the other side of the Chinese question is presented by the Hon. Thomas J. Geary, member of Congress from California, and the author of the famous bill which bears his name.*

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE opening of the great World's Fair at Chicago on the 1st of May was an imposing spectacle. Nearly half a million of people attended the ceremony; the elevated tone of President CLEVELAND'S short, well-considered, and well-worded address fully answered the solemnity of the occasion; the effect of the sudden unfurling of the flags and the starting of the machinery was grand, and the enthusiasm of the assembled multitude unbounded. We all remember the misgivings of sober-minded people when the location of the World's Fair at a place so distant from the seaboard as Chicago was decided upon. But it will now be admitted that in the most essential respects those misgivings have proved groundless. It is true, the interior arrangements of the exhibition, owing to the extraordinary difficulties to be overcome, are not yet sufficiently completed to afford a full view and appreciation of all the treasures it contains or will contain. But enough is seen and known to authorize the verdict that the World's Fair at Chicago will excel all the expositions that preceded it, not only in point of size, but in the grandeur and beauty of the buildings and in the variety and richness of the display of the products of industry and art. Whatever jealousies may exist between rival cities in this happy land, no fair-minded man will now withhold from the citizens of Chicago a full recognition of their magnificent public spirit, nor of the indomitable energy with which they have prosecuted the great work to its final completion, nor of the admirable judgment and skill with which they have drawn the best talent of the country into the service of the great enterprise. It is now to be hoped that they will not permit the rapacious greed of private individuals, bent upon abusing their opportunities to the utmost, to keep away many and to disgust many others; that nothing may be neglected to make the great Western city a salubrious place of sojourn; and that a pleasant summer season may favor the concourse of visitors from all parts of the world in sufficient numbers to protect the exposition from financial loss, and to secure at the same time the widest possible dissemination of the beneficent influences it is to exercise.

So much has been said on the benefits conferred upon mankind by international exhibitions of industries and arts that it is useless to go again over the whole well-travelled ground. The World's Fair in this country, however, presents some features of extraordinary interest. When we invited the nations of the world to unite with us in such an exhibition, they were not unmindful of the fact that we had just enacted laws intended substantially to exclude foreign products from the American market. This circumstance was well calculated to discourage foreign participation in our fair, and at first it seriously threatened to have that effect. The World's Fair Commissioners sent abroad found no little difficulty in meeting the very natural objection of foreign producers that if Americans would not buy anything from them in the way of trade, they should not ask them to lend them their products for show. This trouble was overcome partly by the friendly exertions of foreign governments, but in greater part by the hope—a hope greatly encouraged by the elections of 1890 in this country—that the economic policy of the United States would soon undergo a great change. The Presidential election has brought this hope much nearer to realization, and greatly helped to avert the danger of failure as to the foreign display. Thus the fair owes much to the political upturning of the last three years. The American people will now have some exceedingly valuable object-lessons before their eyes. They will, in the first place, get a full view of what they produce themselves. They will compare, in point of quality, their own products with those coming from foreign countries, and, in part at least, produced under very different economic conditions; and they will compare their own with the foreign products in point of price. In all these respects there may be some startling revelations in store for them. But, on the whole, it is safe to predict that not only those who, as to the products of manufacturing industries, are generally classed as consumers, but many a manufacturer and many an old protectionist will come away from this study with the idea that human labor will be rendered far more fruitful, and the general well-being of the human race will be far better served, by the removal of those artificial barriers between nations which prevent one from being benefited by the peculiar advantages of production enjoyed by another, and by making the benefit common to all, than by an economic policy seeking to benefit one at the expense of the rest. If the fair has this effect upon the public mind of this country, it will keep us from many an economic blunder, and be a blessing to us as well as to those with whom we have to deal.

Whenever an international exhibition was held it has been customary to indulge in pleasant reflections as to the pacific influence such world's meetings on a neutral ground are apt to exercise upon governments and nations. This influence has undoubtedly been overestimated. An enterprise of this kind may, indeed, induce the government under whose auspices it has been set on foot to be careful not to rush into a fight with a neighbor while the exhibition is going on; but its effect will hardly reach further. As the first great World's Fair held in London in 1851 was shortly afterwards followed by the Crimean war, so some of its successors have had more or less great wars closely on their heels. If the World's Fairs did not bring on those wars they certainly did not prevent them. But our Columbian celebration presented one spectacle which is probably without precedent, and should be of good augury. Many of those who witnessed the great parade of sailors and marines on the streets of New York on April 27th may not have been mindful of the fact that they saw something that perhaps had never happened within the memory of the present generation, and would not be possible anywhere else in the world: sailors and soldiers of ten different nations, with arms in their hands, united in one festive array—Englishmen, Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen belonging to the armed forces of rival powers that may, as is thought, at any moment come to blows among themselves—peaceably marching with muskets on their shoulders and swords at their sides behind one another in one column. It was a spectacle emblematic of the position of this great American republic among the nations of the earth—the great peace power of the world embracing in its hospitality the great war powers of the world for a celebration of human progress and mutual good-will.

WALL STREET AND THE COUNTRY.

THERE is never a financial disturbance in the country that Wall Street is not accused of fostering it. A very large section of the United States is convinced that the bankers and brokers of New York grow rich on the distress of the producers of the agricultural regions. In the recent monetary crisis the cry against Wall Street has been most popular, and it has been indulged in by public men who have influence on the fiscal policy of the government, and who ought to know the difference between business and sentiment.

The attitude of Wall Street may be unwise, and it may be cowardly. It is traditionary that moneybags have little courage; but to say that Wall Street desires to pinch the rest of the country, and that it expects to profit by ruining business, is to charge it with supreme folly.

The position of the men of Wall Street is simple and easily understood. They believe in the gold standard. Some of them are gold monometallists—"gold bugs" in the vernacular—and some of them are bimetallists. But the bimetallists do not think that this country, in conjunction with South America, can compel the general use of gold and silver money on equal terms. They entertain a theory to the effect that the two may be kept along together if all the commercial nations of Europe enter into a monetary union with the United States. Practically, therefore, Wall Street is united in opposition to the existing silver-purchase law which compels the government to buy, every month, 4,500,000 ounces of pig-silver with gold. It believes that a continuance of this policy must result in a general panic, and already sees signs of its approach. To the men of Wall Street the exportation of gold, and the consequent exhaustion of the Treasury's gold resources, are the results of the SHERMAN act, of a policy, established by legislation, which is rapidly bringing the country to a silver basis. They do not expect any permanent relief except through the repeal of the law, which is, and must continue to be, the fountain of the evil. To their minds the drain of gold must go on until it is at a premium, and is a commodity. They foresee that when that time comes the government will be borrowing gold to buy silver, and treating its obligations that are based on silver as if the two metals were of equal value at the coinage ratio. This will be a very expensive deception, and clear-minded business men understand that it will be expensive to private citizens as well as to the government. Therefore credits are already circumscribed, and the longer the SHERMAN act remains on the statute-book, the more frequent will be the refusals to loan money, and refusals to loan money mean disaster to the trading community.

This is a plain business principle. The bankers of Wall Street are the custodians of other people's money, and they are in business for the purpose of making money through loans and investments. They do not refuse to make loans or to purchase securities unless they fear to risk the capital of their customers—unless the chances of losing the capital are so great that they can better afford to go without interest or profit than to take them. If disaster should come as a consequence of the country's silver policy, Wall Street would probably suffer less, in proportion to its capital, than the rest of the country. The bankers and money-lenders would weather the storm much better than those who are engaged in what are misleadingly called the legitimate business interests. Wall Street can take care of itself. The ruin of others and the circumscription of trade may decrease its profits, but will not send it into bankruptcy.

The interest of Wall Street is to maintain the prosperity of the country. If business were carried on on logical principles, the bankers of the country at the present juncture would refuse to go to the assistance of the Treasury. They would keep their gold, and wait for the profit which they believe is sure to come. They would know, too, that the disaster would lead to the removal of the source of the evil, and that if there must be disaster, the sooner it is faced the less costly it will be to the country.

This is logic, but there is hope and optimism in business as in all other relations of life. So long as the disaster is not now upon the country, the bankers of Wall Street, and of other streets and other cities than New York, hope that something will turn up to avert the threatened catastrophe. Therefore some of them are lending gold to the Treasury, and some of them are urging the administration to increase the public debt by issuing bonds. It is not necessary to speak of the action of the banks in lending gold to the Treasury as patriotism. It may be that, or it may be hopeful selfishness. Bankers are quite as patriotic as their fellow-citizens, and are quite as dependent, also, on the general prosperity of the country for an increase of their property.

Whatever the action of the banks may be called, its intention is to give Congress another opportunity to remove the evil which is dragging the country down to a silver basis and threatening business interests with panic and disaster. Let it be granted, for

the sake of argument, that Wall Street is cold and calculating and utterly selfish, and that its sole desire is to see its money breed. Its money cannot breed, however, unless men who raise and buy crops, who manufacture goods, who transport merchandise, who build up cities, who operate mines, borrow it and pay for it. Whatever Wall Street does will be what is best calculated, in its opinion, to keep the trade and commerce of the country running in prosperous channels. Its opinion may be sound or unsound, but the least we can say of it is that the presumption is in favor of its soundness, because it is the opinion of men who have made finance and the history of finance the study of their lives. At all events, the theory that Wall Street is ever deliberately hostile to the general interests of the country is one of the crudest absurdities of the present unfortunate condition of affairs.

THE CHINESE SIDE OF IT.

"WE beg the American people, to whose protection we committed ourselves when we came here, not to permit this wrong and insult to be done to us and to our race." The speaker was a young Chinaman, graduated with distinction not long ago from an American school of medicine. He stood on the platform of Cooper Union, which, in ever-memorable days, vibrated to the tread of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES SUMNER, and HENRY WARD BEECHER. He re-echoed their plea, the old one, of human rights. In terms of moderation and respect, he presented to the American people the protest of his countrymen against the GEARY law, which subjects them to degrading discrimination and possible outrage. The appeal was not without pathos. Cathay the old—effete and humiliated for a time—stretched forth her haggard hands to Columbia in the flush of vigor and achievement. One hundred and seven thousand Chinamen resident in the country—a mere handful of the Mongolian race, weak, helpless, unfriended—appealed through the speaker to sixty-five millions of Americans, only to keep faith with them! That was the sole purpose of the Cooper Union meeting. The appeal comes from the well-behaved and industrious Chinese within our borders. Whatever the popular misconception, these are a majority of their compatriots. Like the plea of all law-abiding peoples, theirs is entitled to attention. Many of them are intelligent. They agree with thoughtful Americans that unrestricted Chinese immigration would be unfortunate for them as for us. They, even more than we, are anxious to exclude their disreputable countrymen who play at "fantan," smoke opium, and are given over to vile practices. Heathen as most of them are, they would cheerfully burn some extra sticks of sandal-wood under the nose of Joss if the offering would secure the deportation or imprisonment of the "bad Chinamen," by whose ill conduct they are compromised. They admit their perplexity; but cogently remind us that we do not make the drunkenness, anarchism, and immorality of Irish, German, and Italian malcontents a ground of discrimination against the entire people of these nations. The injustice of doing so would be instantly apparent. "Is it not equally unjust, then," say the better class of Chinese, "to malign and persecute us for the misdeeds of our malcontents?" To this question there can be no righteous, negative answer. Much less can it be explained why innocent Chinese, more than any other law-abiding foreigners, should be made liable to summary arrest and the fate appointed for them by the GEARY law. When they came here they had our supreme guarantee that they should enjoy, in common with all others, the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Articles V., VI., and XIV. of the Constitution, and the laws in force at the time of their admission, constitute the conditions on which the United States received them. Now, however, without proof or allegation that our laws, or any of them, have been violated by the Chinese, they, irrespective of desert, find themselves assailed by such retroactive legislation as would comport with the caprice of a Persian despot rather than with the canons of an enlightened jurisprudence. The GEARY act is, indeed, a novel and remarkable freak of American legislation. It demolishes at a blow every constitutional guarantee on which the Chinaman had a right to rely; it is *ex post facto* in its operation; it deprives the accused of the right of trial by jury; it places liberty and property at the hazard of magisterial decision; it casts the *onus probandi* on the prisoner, and compels him to be a witness against himself. It is idle to say that the laboring classes of the country demanded it with unanimity. Our working-men are not simpletons. They are aware that Chinese labor built the great lines of railroad connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, and that many of the great public works of the West are the product of Chinese toil. That the labor they performed was not injurious to American workmen, moreover, tens of thousands of skilled laborers now employed on these railroads and public works can bear witness. Besides, whatever may have been true of the past, it is certain that Chinese labor now comes very slightly, if at all, into competition with other male labor. It is confined, for the most part, to what was hitherto a drudgery of women.

It should be remarked, further, that we shall fail to find in the character or conduct of resident Chinamen a justification for legislative hostility. They are an inoffensive and peaceable race, often manifesting commendable self-restraint under severe provocation. Their honesty is evidenced by the fact that we never hear of a suit for debt against a Chinaman in a civil court. Such is their industry that they have no paupers among them. They are not addicted to drink. Probably we should search the police records in vain to learn of the arrest of a Chinaman for intoxication. Such is their respect for our laws that they do not seek to do business after ten o'clock on Sunday, notwithstanding that to most of them Sunday has no meaning.

It is, of course, urged that the law requiring the Chinese to register visits upon them no essential hardship. They and their friends, however, contend that it is an invidious and hostile discrimination, and that, as the requirement of an unconstitutional act, it is void. It is their hope to have it so declared. It is, moreover, the earnest belief of those who revere human rights and a true Americanism that it will lead to the ultimate redress of grievances greater than it inflicts. It will infallibly call the attention of the American nation, always just and chivalrous, to the whole subject of our relations with China, calm consideration of which will convince them that our policy has been unworthy of a great nation and of a Christian people. Their keen intelligence will not fail to discern also that its unwisdom, if persisted in, must prove a costly folly, shutting us out from the immeasurable advantages of reciprocal commercial relations with some six hundred millions of friendly disposed people, our nearest Western neighbors, whose markets, within a century, will be among the most lucrative in the world.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP AFLOAT.

THE free citizens of the republic set the world a good example at the great naval review. They showed that self-restraint is a better preservative of order and the proprieties than force represented by policemen and troops. In the October parade Superintendent BYRNES proved that clubs are not necessary for holding a crowd in its place, and on the 27th of April the American people themselves showed that they were capable of restraining their curiosity and enthusiasm without any compulsion from without.

The day of the naval review was one of the very worst of a bad season. The North River was full of boats—large and small, passenger and tug boats—and these were crowded quite up to the danger-point. The average captain is notorious for his independence, and for his inclination to put war-ships and other big vessels to as much trouble as possible. The review was delayed for four hours. During most of this time the rain poured down in torrents, but it did not dampen the ardor nor extinguish the good-nature of the multitude. When the *Dolphin* finally passed up the lane between the ships there was nothing but the weather to mar the glory of the occasion. The crowded steamboats did not break over the line; not even a row-boat invaded the space between the war-vessels. It is true that there were police-boats to keep them back, but no police-boat could prevent a crowded steamboat from going where it would. The risk to life would have been so great that no police force would have dared to employ extreme measures.

The impressive feature of the occasion to navy officers—both American and foreign—was this self-restraint of the spectators. Their boats kept outside of an invisible line which seemed to have been established by common consent, and not an effort was made to approach nearer the reviewers and the reviewed. Experienced men said that nothing like it had ever been seen. At the great review at Spithead in the Queen's Jubilee year the admiral in command was authorized to impose a fine of £100 on the captain of any vessel venturing in the reserved space. But so eager were the spectators to witness everything that they made up purses to pay the fines, and the boats pressed upon the Queen's yacht. At our own review the *Dolphin* sailed up the lane of water and not a boat followed. It was a fine exhibition of self-government and good citizenship.

THINGS TALKED OF

THE story of Mr. Holloway, as told graphically in the upper left-hand corner of the last page of the latest number of the WEEKLY, is of the comico-tragical order. We confess to only a moderate degree of sympathy for Mr. Holloway, who "aspires to a seat on the bench" of a Federal Court, and is discovered, having "seen the President," stranded, forlorn, desperate, shabby, on the park bench, which the tramp alone can occupy with self-respect. This baffled office-seeker has, for the moment, found what is his true level. If he be really a man of sense and courage, he will pick himself up presently and look for a career in some direction where he can earn what he gets and get what he earns. As he sits for the portrait by the WEEKLY artist, with discouragement making flabby every fibre of his being and his raiment, he is simply an object of amused contempt. This is the comical side. The tragical side will be understood when one reflects that Holloway, multiplied by thousands, has made all serious public business nearly impossible in Washington for the last two months, and has worn on the patience, the strength, and—it is literally true—the sanity of the men who are charged with the highest executive functions of the republic. No man from the assistant secretaries to the President can bring to his duties a sound healthy mind when his nerves are irritated and exhausted by incessant attention to appeals, claims, demands, that in the very nature of the facts must be rejected. One President of the United States was notoriously worried to death by office-seekers; a second was so exhausted by the same plague that he yielded to an illness that would otherwise have easily been resisted; a third was slain by an office-seeking lunatic; and yet with the fate of Harrison and Taylor and Garfield perfectly understood, the cause is allowed to go on, with puerile assumption that the effect can be avoided. Mr. Cleveland is a strong and tough man, but he is mortal. What a fine climax it would be to his wonderful career if, after being elected to reform the civil service, he should succumb to the task of *not* giving offices to the multiple Holloway!

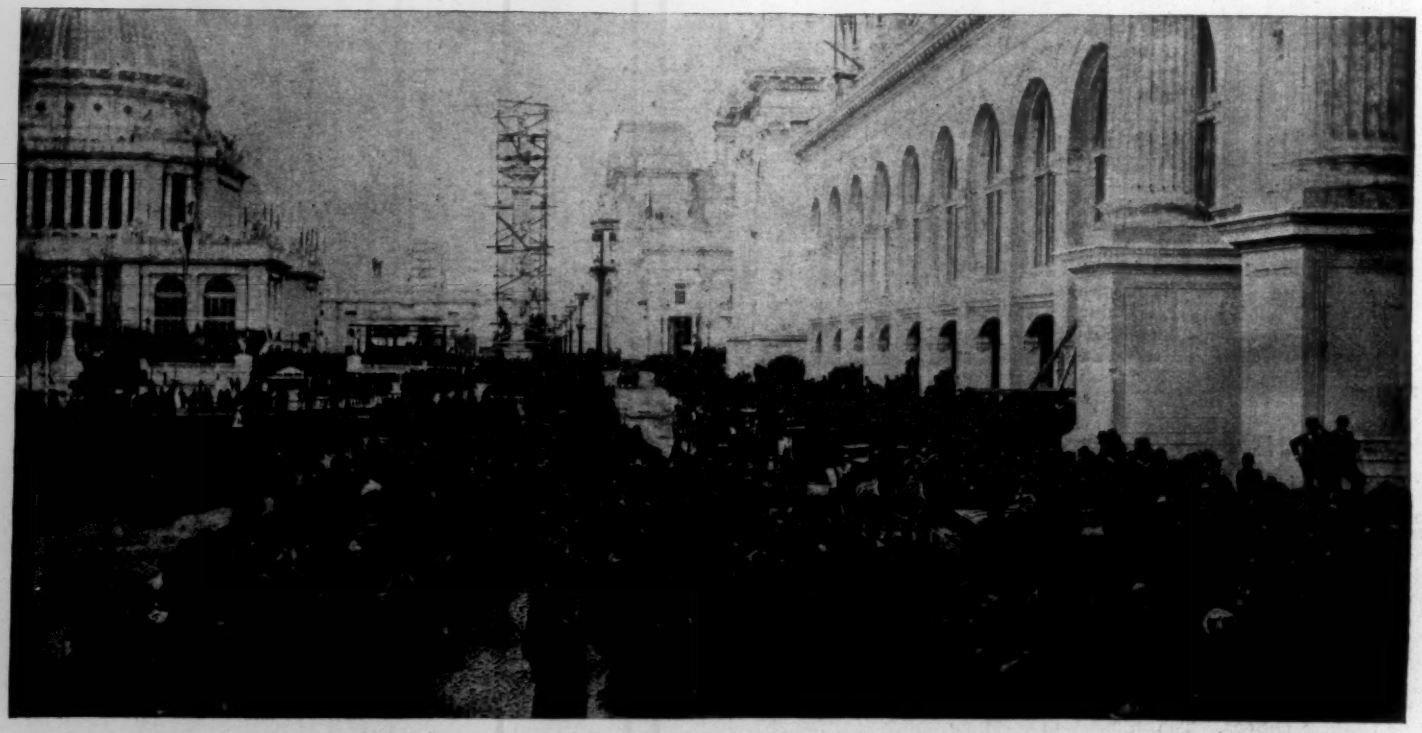
It seems that it is with a sigh of relief that the Hon. Joseph J. O'Donohue sinks into the tranquillity and ease of the office of Chamberlain of the city of New York. Mr. O'Donohue for some time past has been vexed with thoughts beyond the reach of his peculiar soul. Feeling uneasily that he is the embodiment of what there is eminently respectable in Tammany, and that he is about the only member of that organization in whose person it could with any decency be "recognized" by the present Federal Administration, he has been waiting very hard for the office of Collector to come his way. Mr. Cleveland, with a certain grim sense of the fitness of things, has, it appears, offered him the charge of the Sub-Treasury, where his dignity, his honesty, and his amiable character would be appropriate, and where he would not be called upon to resist the soft wiles or the stern will of Mr. Croker in the matter of patronage, of which there is next to none, that "goes with" the place. The offer, though not quite up to Mr. O'Donohue's conception of the requirements of his unique position in New York politics, was not unflattering. But in an unfortunate moment he descended to visit the "cellar" of the Sub-Treasury, and saw there the solemn piles of counted gold and other treasure, and realized that for every dollar of it he would be responsible if he took the office, and he withdrew appalled. Every time he has thought of that cellar since he has felt a "chill," for if there is anything that can make this highly respectable gentleman shiver it is responsibility. In the Chamberlain's office he will have honorable functions, for which he is amply fitted, and the appearance of a great salary—half that of the President of the United States. It is true that the net emoluments are not great, but Mr. O'Donohue does not care for that.

One of the features of the new suffrage law which was recently wrested from the Belgian Parliament by the uprising among the working-men is very novel. It is the bestowal of a double vote upon every man who is married or who has attained the age of thirty-five. In the former case he is supposed to represent not merely his own share in the public weal, but that of his family; in the latter he is supposed to have at least a double share of judgment. The theory, it will be noticed, is by no means undemocratic. The double vote is not the privilege of any class, so far as classes are divided by birth or property. The humblest miner is as likely to acquire it as his employer, and a coachman has it on the same terms as a millionaire. It is simply giving greater weight to those who by marriage have assumed a greater responsibility, or by age may be taken to have a keener sense of responsibility. Nor is it unreasonable to infer that this added vote will, by the great body of the voters who possess it, be fairly used. The idea is a novel one, and it may not work in practice, but in theory it is sound enough. France may yet adopt it as a means of promoting marriages, with the chance, of course, that "La Fédération des Sociétés Féministes" may claim and get the extra vote for the wife.

Governor Flower has vetoed the bill for the establishment of an epileptic colony in Livingston County in this State, which passed the State Legislature. The bill provided for the purchase of the valuable property of the Sonyea Society of Christian Believers, a property exceptionally suitable for the use proposed, and offered at a price considerably below its market value. To have let this chance go unimproved seems lamentable, both because the State has lost a good bargain and because it has postponed indefinitely a provision that has been put off much too long already, and prolongs suffering that might just as well have been alleviated. Moreover, the work of the State Board of Charities in selecting the Sonyea site has been wasted, and must be done over again. Inasmuch as the needs that this bill met are urgent and the opportunity it found is fleeting, it is very much to be regretted that considerations of economy should have influenced the Governor to deny it his approval. If the Governor's objections to the proposed management and supervision of the epileptic colony are sound, it would seem as if they might easily have been met by additional legislation.

There has recently become public curious evidence of the relative effect of a lie in regions where it is comparatively novel, and in others where it has been long used. This particular lie was the one that large sums of money have been sent to this country by the Cobden Club, of England, to buy votes for tariff-reform candidates. This was voluminously printed in the United States on the eve of the latest election, and a reputable and honorable importer of woollen goods of this city was named as the man who brought over the British gold. The statement was telegraphed to London by a news agency, and printed there. Whereupon the gentleman referred to brought suit for libel in London against the news agency, and when the case was called it was announced that it had been settled by the payment of costs by the defendant, and a promise to pay £200 to some charity to be agreed upon. One would infer that the libel would have been less injurious in London, where the Cobden Club is known to be in no condition either to send money to the United States or to get much of it to spend at home. But, on the other hand, the lie was relatively new there, while here it was literally worn out with use. No one thought for a moment that the woollens-importer alluded to had been engaged in any such transaction, or that it had even taken place. Yet we cannot but think that it would be a good thing to give a lesson to some of the newspapers that have stooped to spread this shallow invention. The development of conscience, even a factitious conscience, by means of legal damages might be wholesome.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ABOUT TO TAKE THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH FOR A TRIP ON THE LAGOON.—Drawn by E. Penfield, after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.

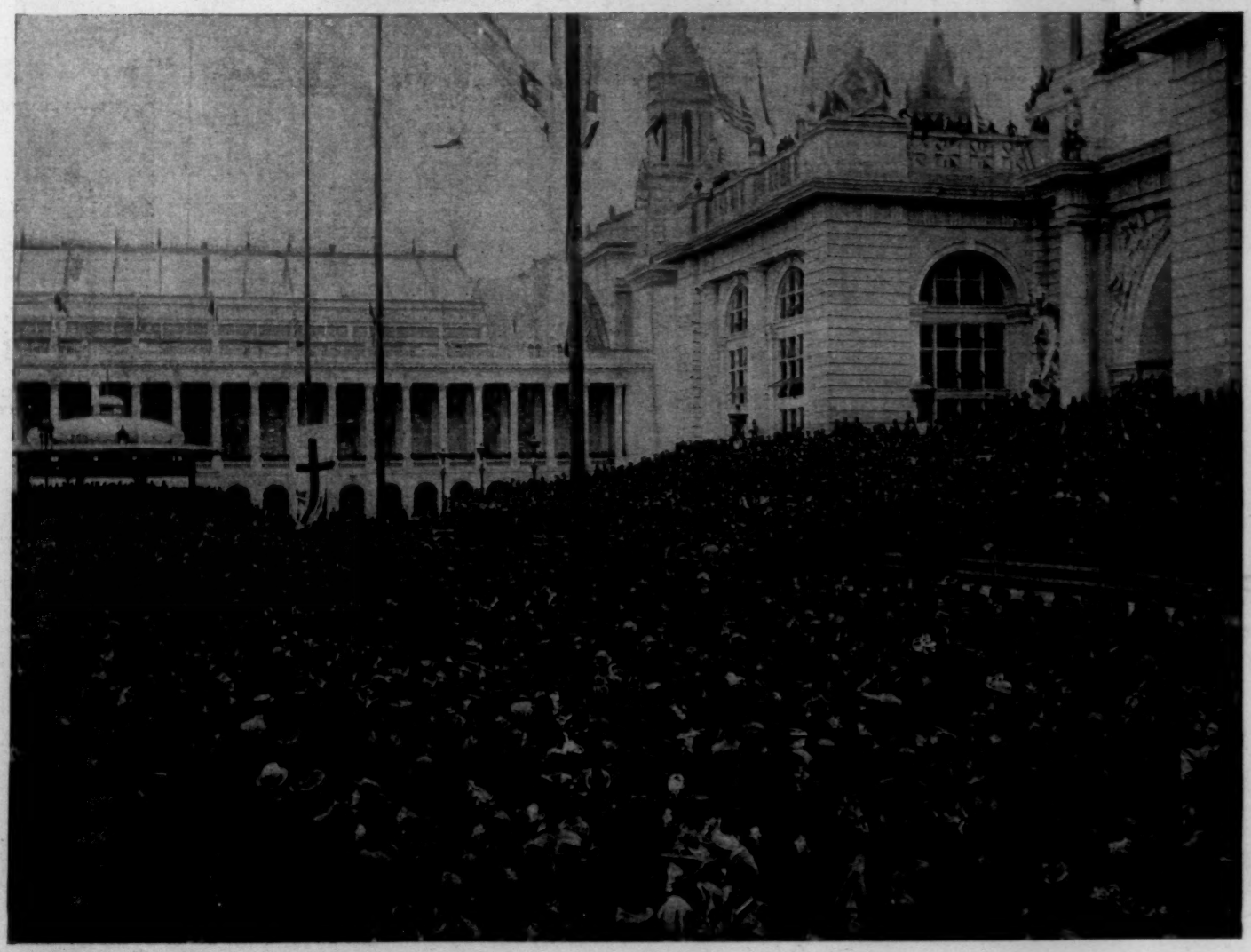


PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND PRESIDENT HIGINBOTHAM PASSING THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—From a Photograph by Arnold.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL DAVIS INTRODUCING PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO THE FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
Drawn by Victor Pérard, after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—[See Page 442.]

LOOKING TOWARDS FOUNTAIN AND MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING FROM THE SOUTH BAND STAND.



LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS PLAZA EAST OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT THE MOMENT THE PRESIDENT TOUCHED THE BUTTON.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—From Photographs by Arnold.—[See Page 442.]

OPENING OF THE GREAT FAIR.

THE picture which the anxious officers of the exposition saw at the early dawn of the opening day was a depressing one. The forest of columns showed dimly through the fog, their capitals lost in mist; rain-charged clouds swept across the towers of the great buildings, trailing down the steep slopes of the giant roofs like banks of vapor across a mountain flank. Occasional gusts of wind momentarily revealed dripping minarets and flag-staffs with flapping halyards, then a general dull lead colored veil of chill mist shrouded every object again. Stalking through the wet came companies of workmen to relieve others who had been on duty all night, moving with the dejection of those who know that odds are hopelessly against them. At six o'clock it was determined that no out-of-door ceremonies would be possible in such weather, and preparations were hastily begun for exercises to be held in the rotunda of the Administration Building. Wagons carrying to the various structures heavy loads of banners, streamers, and flags were stopped and turned back to the storehouses. Scarcely had the orders been given, however, before the mists began to lift, and one solitary little patch of skim-milk blue showed itself to the windward. The rain stopped, the clouds changed from heavy lead to a liquid gray, and in an hour's time thousands of men were at work, encouraged and cheered by the prospect of clearing weather. The bunting came back in triumph on the same wagons which had carted it away, and the flags, rolled up in readiness to be unfurled at a signal, soon began to appear at the trucks of the flag-staffs.

Shortly after eight o'clock a regiment of troops in new blue uniforms marched through the grounds and formed a line about the platform, which had by this time been all arranged for the reception of its guests. Then the people began to assemble rapidly, crowding one another, forgetting the discomforts in their hope of securing a position as close as might be possible to the place where the President would speak. By thousands and tens of thousands they came, all anxious but good-natured, pushing and elbowing, being elbowed and pushed in turn. For an hour before the ceremonies began the plaza to the east of the Administration Building, which forms the great open court between that structure and the Columbia fountain, had its every foot occupied by a cosmopolitan throng. Women dressed in the gorgeous colors now in vogue were mingled among the men on all sides, the richness of the attire of one with the dark sobriety of the other resembling, when looked down upon, a great pansy bed blooming in the spring before its foliage becomes so dense as to hide the black earth beneath. Wedging themselves through the throng soon came a troop of Indians from the Wild West Show, the only aborigines whose presence was noticeable. They had on their best war bonnets and brightest paint, and made a blaze of rich color in the crowd, giving the dominant brilliant tone which was echoed in the costume of Arabs, Chinese, Turks, Japanese, East Indians, and representatives of other nationalities.

Well in advance of the Presidential party came troops of cavalry, their bugle corps blaring out the announcement of his approach. In carriages the officers of the exposition and Committee on Reception led the way, the Presidential party closely following. Mr. Cleveland bared his head in acknowledgment of the greeting which he received, as did also the Duke of Veragua. Cabinet officers, diplomatic corps, foreign commissioners, the Governors of the several States and their respective staffs were all seated upon the platform. Upon the arrival of the President at the speaker's stand a great billow passed through the sea of humanity.

After the Columbian March and Hymn had been rendered under the direction of Theodore Thomas, the blind chaplain of the Senate, Rev. Mr. Milburn, arose and offered the invocation. In his prayer he asked protection for the great palaces of the exposition—the storehouses of man's conquering rule over earth, fire, and flood—the treasures of art, and the promises which they give for future years. He gave thanks for the work of women in the fair; for the broken shackles and greater freedom, responsibility, and help which could but result from the emancipation of the being nearest to God by her intuitions of heart and the grandeur of sacrifice. For Chicago, the great city, a wonder to the world, which had been so recently as to be remembered by man the pasture of wild beasts, he besought blessings, and implored that she might be saved from pestilence or other harm. With the repetition of the Lord's Prayer his invocation ended, after which Miss Jennie Couthoui read "The Prophecy," a poem which had been written by Mr. W. D. Croffut. The Director-General delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, explaining the methods and system by which the work of preparing the fair had been carried on. He alluded to the transformation of Jackson Park and its condition before the selection of the exposition's site—an unsightly and uninviting stretch of landscape, which had in so short a period been transformed into its present beauty and splendor; the grand avenues, Venetian waterways, finished landscape; its fountains, sculpture, and colonnades; its stately palaces would, he said, stand out a monument to the genius and skill of American art. In closing his address he turned to the President and stated that the only thing remaining was that the exposition should, by the Chief Magistrate of the nation, be declared open.

The President arose, and after acknowledging the applause which greeted him, spoke briefly, stating that he was present to join in congratulations befitting the occasion. In his opinion American manhood, American skill, and American energy need no apology for their youth. He believed that the American people should hold fast to the meaning which underlies the ceremony of the opening of her exposition. The proud national destiny promised by American faith in popular education and stimulation of the best impulses of her citizens gladly welcomes, he said, the opportunity to witness the results which had been accomplished. "As by a touch," he went on, "the machinery that gives life to this vast exhibition is set in motion, so at the same instant let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity, and the freedom of mankind." His address was short and impressive; he touched at its close the button which was to start the machinery with a gesture visible to the remotest edge of the crowd. It was not merely a signal, for the mechanical arrangements were such that the assistance of no other hand was required to open the great throats of the engines in Machinery Hall.

The crowd leaned yearningly forward, silenced and earnest in their eager expectation, as the President slowly lowered his hand to the electric key. Then the transformation came. The sun burst out in brilliant glory, and his rays sparkled through the jets of water which had instantly sprung upward from the three fountains to the east. As if by magic the bunting on every building was unfurled, and hundreds of flags and streamers unfolded their colors; the great golden figure of the Republic, until then a chrysalis wrapped with amply draped canvas, shone forth in all the radiance of pure gold. Cannon thundered a salute, steam-craft in harbor and basin shrieked triumphant blasts; chimes rang from the minarets, and one mighty shout came from the three hundred thousand people who witnessed the opening of the exposition. With tingling nerves and flashing eyes the multitude seemed thrilled into silent awe, as a moment later they turned their faces to the east and saw the effect of the President's touch. The instant before all was quiet, solemn, and stately; now thousands of flags fluttered in the breeze; the steam which had rushed from a hundred whistles filled the basin with opalescent clouds, above which rose the grand figure of the Republic—calm, dignified, impressive. The seagulls, terrified at the sudden awakening, wheeled about the goddess, and then soared away over the great gray expanse of the lake. The exposition was open.

This last act upon a programme short and simple closed the ceremonies. Luncheon was then served in the Administration Building. A great part of the assemblage had dispersed, yet a large number remained, hoping for a further glimpse of the President. A carriageway was cleared by detachments of infantry, and through this the President and his party passed to the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, where they were received by the Commissioners of the various foreign governments. A number of electric launches waited at the northwest corner of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, and upon arrival there the party started forth for a tour of the waterway. Threading their way silently and swiftly among the fleet of gondolas, gay in Venetian decorations of the style of the fifteenth century, they moved into the North Inlet, where the best view of the Art Building is to be had; returning, the Woman's Building was passed, and the Wooded Island almost circled. About the latter swam many aquatic fowls—ducks, geese, and swans, while near the banks waded flamingoes and pelicans. In the air, tern from the lake circled curiously about the boat. Disembarking, after plying through the north canal and basin to the grand landing of the Agricultural Building, a trip was made over the great pier in carriages. The President was then hastily driven up the esplanade upon the lake shore, stopping briefly at the Art Building, thence to the special train further east, which was awaiting him. Until early dusk the great crowd of visitors wandered about the exposition. As early as seven o'clock but few remained, and by eight the grounds were deserted save by the night forces and the guard.

MONTGOMERY BRECKINRIDGE PICKETT.

THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

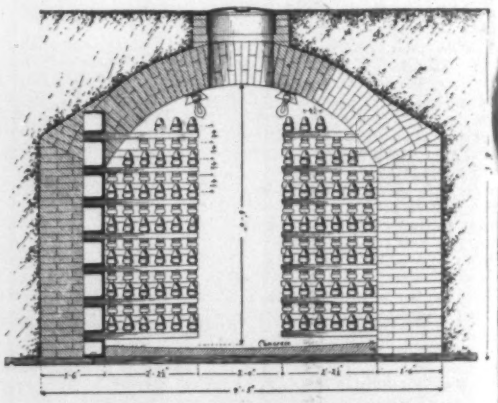
IN his clever and interesting book *Chicago and the World's Fair*, Mr. Julian Ralph spoke irreverently of the Midway Plaisance as the "Church Fair" annex to the Columbian Exposition, and again as the side show to the "World's Circus." And so it may be called either the one or the other without doing violence to the truth. But it is likely to be a mighty interesting "Church Fair" annex, and an extremely instructive side show. Visitors will be able to see things within the Midway Plaisance which, were they not exhibited there, they would have to take a journey almost to the ends of the earth to inspect. It would have been better, of course, if all of the sights and entertainments of the Midway Plaisance had been within the grounds of the World's Fair proper, and that they had been a part of that great university to which all can go for an admission fee of fifty cents. But the financial resources of the corporation which has supplied the cash for the fair were not adequate, and the outlays necessary to do what will be done in the Plaisance were entirely out of the question. If these features of the fair were to be provided at all, they must be paid for by private capital, and naturally private capital could not be enlisted without the prospect of profit. The outlays for the various features in the Midway Plaisance have been at the charge of private individuals and companies, and the venturesome proprietors of foreign villages, bazars, theatres, and so forth, will endeavor to relieve visitors of all possible spare cash. Such efforts, however, will be regulated by the authorities, and actual brigandage of a violent sort will not be permitted.

Among many other attractions in this department of the fair there will be villages representing life in Austria, Germany, Turkey, China, Morocco, Holland, and other countries, and those who live in these villages and keep the shops will be natives of these several countries, and, of course, dressed as they would be dressed at home. There will also be an exhibition of Irish industries, a model of St. Peter's in Rome, a Roman house, and a section in *fac simile* taken from Algeria and Tunis. To see all these things will be something of an education to those who cannot travel abroad, and to those who have seen them with their native surroundings it will pleasurably recall the memories of them. But it must be confessed that the primary purpose of the features in the Midway Plaisance is not educational, but rather to amuse. And no doubt a certain very large percentage of the visitors who will go to the World's Fair will go rather for amusement than instruction. It is well, therefore, that these should be provided with the kinds of things that are likely to please them, for there are many men and women in the world who will only take instruction incidentally as children do in a Kindergarten.

In this section, however, there will be more exciting amusements than visiting foreign villages and studying foreign customs. There will be the inevitable captive balloon to take the breath away from shy young girls and timid rural folk. And there will be a colossal revolving swing, called the "Ferris wheel," from the name of the well-known engineer who designed it and is now engaged in its construction. Twenty-six cars, each intending to hold fifty people or more, are to be attached to the periphery of the wheel, and will carry the live load two hundred and fifty feet into the air, with no perceptible jar or change of the car level. This wheel is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable examples of modern engineering skill, and will be more of a wonder than the famous Eiffel Tower, for the problem of its construction has been much complicated and extraordinary. Glass-blowing has usually been an attractive feature of every industrial exhibition, and the glass blowers and engravers have been given conspicuous space where they could do their work and sell their wares. There has always seemed to be an element of "faking" in this, even though it was attractive to great numbers of people, and the managers of the coming fair have very properly placed the glass blowers and engravers in this section, where, to use an expression which probably originated in the West, but which is now understood all over the English-speaking world, everything goes!

THE POWER PLANT.

THE transmission and distribution of power from a central plant are not so difficult as they used to be when about the only methods were by shafting, belting, and cables. No one would now think of taking power for any considerable distance by such wasteful methods, for power is readily transmitted by electricity or by condensed air. It was very desirable that all of the power for running machinery and for electric lighting at the World's Fair should be distributed from one point, and it was early decided that this power-house and method of transmission should be made one of the most interesting features of the exhibition. The boilers have been put in by the makers as an exhibit, and they have been installed in an annex to Machinery Hall. There is a long row of them that seems almost interminable. The fuel to be used is oil, and this will be supplied by the Standard Oil Company through pipes from Whiting, Indiana, twenty-one miles away. It is hardly necessary to say that the Standard Oil Company does not supply petroleum as an exhibit, but exacts the market price for every gallon used. The oil from Whiting is stored in tanks, from which it flows through a five-inch pipe to the power-house, and the furnace of each boiler has a three-quarter-inch supply pipe. In front of the boilers is a gallery for spectators, so that visitors can conveniently inspect the system. Probably visitors to the power-house will afterwards readjust their notions of the infernal regions, for the burning oil will make a dreadful roar, and the light will make the firemen seem uncanny beings. The use of oil will relieve the managers of the bother of coal delivery and ash removal, and also relieve them to a great extent from the smoke nuisance. It is intended to paint the boiler heads and the surrounding work all white, and to dress the engineers and firemen in white uniforms.



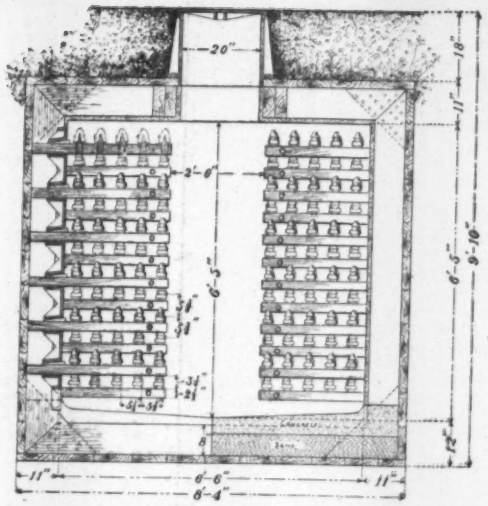
SECTION OF THE PROPOSED SUBWAY.

If all of the electric lights were in operation, and all the machinery on the grounds working at the same time, the power plant would have to be very much larger and more costly than it is. In forming the rules the managers wisely decided that in the allotment of space it should be stipulated exactly and for how long each exhibitor could work his machinery. In this way the demand for power will never be greater than that which can be conveniently supplied. The present estimate of Mr. Frederick Sargent, the late electrical and mechanical engineer, is that 570,000 pounds of water will be evaporated into steam every hour. As 20 pounds of water converted into steam is equivalent to a horse-power, it will be seen that the total capacity of the plant is 28,500 horse-power. This makes allowance for the fact that not all of the boilers will be in use continuously. Some of them will always be idle for inspection and repair.

But the most interesting thing connected with the power plant is the transmission and distribution of the power by electricity to all parts of the large and spacious grounds. In Machinery Hall itself the shafting will be turned directly by belting from the engines in the building, but wherever power

A FAINTING WOMAN IN THE CROWD.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER.

The only way to give her Air.



SECTION OF SUBWAY AS BUILT.

is needed outside this building it will be transmitted by electricity. A system of subways has been built to carry the wires from one point to another, and in these subways, which are about six feet square and lined with cement, the electrical wires are insulated and attached to brackets on either side, leaving a passageway in the middle about two feet wide. It was first proposed to make these subways of brick, as shown in diagram, but the wood, being cheaper, was adopted instead. Workmen and inspectors clothed in rubber pass conveniently through this aisle, and keep everything in order. Any one visiting one of these subways will see how simple a thing it would be to put electric wires below the ground if the telegraph, telephone, and electric-light companies really wished to do it, and did not find it cheaper to buy city officers than to build underground ways. Stout people will not think a visit to one of these subways very pleasant—the aisle will seem too narrow for comfort and safety; for visitors who ask questions will be told that some of the wires are charged with 200 horse-power.

The greatest distance to which power will have to be transmitted, the extreme end of the Midway Plaisance, is about a mile and a half. It is estimated that at this distance there will be a loss by transmission of 15 per cent., while at the main buildings nearer the power station the loss will be only 10 per cent. Of course a great deal of this power is to light the grounds and buildings. It is said that so elaborate a system of brilliant lighting was never planned before. The fountains in front of the Administration Building will be lighted by electricity after plans by Mr. Luther Stieringer. In addition to the hundreds of lights along the avenues and roads, the cornices of the buildings will be decorated by rows of lights, each of sixteen candle-power. The lighting of the large building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts will be very interesting. In the centre of the building, 140 feet from the floor, there will be an immense corona 75 feet in diameter, flanked by two other coronas on either side with a diameter of 60 feet each. On the central corona there will be 102 lights, and on each of the others 78 lights. Each light will be of 2000 candle-power. Thus in these five large lights there will be illuminating value equivalent to 828,000 candles, the candle being the unit of measurement arbitrarily adopted by electricians, who speak of one electrical candle-power as being equal to the power of four ordinary candles, because the rays of an electric light go equally north, south east, and west. But as the little candle throws its humble beams in the same way, we should divide the candle-power of an electric light by four to get its actual illumination value when compared with candle-light. This brief notice of the interesting work done by Mr. Sargent and his assistants at Chicago is written for the general reader, and not for mechanical and electrical engineers, who will doubtless find technical descriptions of the power plant in the scientific journals.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE CHICAGO HUSSARS.

THE Chicago Hussars is a company of light cavalry formed on somewhat novel lines, inasmuch as it combines the advantages of a social club and of a riding-school and the interests of a military organization. It is independent of the Illinois State militia, and, considering the value of its different functions, may be said to be only semimilitary in its purpose. The active members, to the number of 151, are required to own or control horses, and to obtain two uniforms and the necessary equipments. In addition to the active membership the articles of organization provide for an associate list of 250. Such members will have the privileges of the club-house and riding-ring, but they cannot vote, nor do they have to wear uniforms and drill.

The idea of the formation of such an independent company of cavalry was formed in August of 1888, but it was not till October of 1891 that the organization was incorporated. Since then very gratifying progress has been made, and arrangements entered into by which in the course of a year or so the troop will have an armory or club-house, with a riding-ring of generous proportions. A lot has been obtained on Thirty-fifth Street with a frontage of 100 feet and a depth of 231 feet. In the ring, which will be surrounded by a balcony on which 1500 spectators can be seated, a troop of 100 mounted men can be easily drilled and exercised.

As will be seen by the illustrations in this paper, the uniforms of the Chicago Hussars are quite handsome and appropriate. Much care and study have been spent in perfecting the uniform, and that which has finally been decided upon was not the choice at first. But it is much more soldierly-looking than the one which formerly met with favor. The moving spirit in the work of organizing this troop has been and is Captain Edwin L. Brand, the commandant. His enthusiasm has enabled him to overcome all difficulties; and these, as can well be understood, were neither few nor insignificant. Such a club without a home is not likely to be strong, but the enthusiastic captain and his associates will soon provide this. The captain has issued a little "vest-pocket" book of "pointers" on correct horsemanship, and a reader of it will learn of many things a horseman should and should not do. Cavalry drill is excellent both in training horses and riders, and there seems to be no reason why the Chicago Hussars should not found one of the most attractive clubs devoted to horseback exercise in the country.

The Hussars are likely to be much seen, and consequently much talked about, during the World's Fair, for Director-General Davis has declared his intention of calling upon the troop to act as a guard of honor whenever he may require a cavalry escort for distinguished visitors on any public occasion. Of course the prospect of being called upon to perform this honorable duty has already made the Hussars very popular, and gives the troop a distinct reason for existence.

TWILIGHT.

SING, sweet, it is the twilight hour—
  Thy voice brings rest and peace,
And unto thee is given the power
  To bid all discord cease.

Let day fade with its load of sorrows,
  Now is enough for me;
I care not for the coming morrows,
  For they may banish thee.

Oh, that this eve could last forever,
  Ambition's sun be set,
For with thee near my heart would never
  The busy world regret.

Only count us as Love's Immortals,
  Let each be one in soul;
Bid Night halt at the western portals,
  And Death collect no toll;

Then twilight would be fraught with splendor,
  Bathed in Faith's golden stream;
And each to each all love would render—
  Sing, sweet, and let me dream.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

Music and Drama

As the most important production in point of novelty and scenic splendor, *Panjandrum*—"the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top"—produced at the Broadway Theatre, for the first time on any stage, by Mr. De Wolf Hopper and his "Merry Company," must head the list of last week's dramatic happenings. *Panjandrum* is described on the bill of fare as an "Olla Podrida"; in plain English it is neither more nor less than an extravaganza. As the Spanish dish olla podrida is a mixture of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, so is its namesake, *Panjandrum*, a mixture of everything under the dramatic heavens, fairly bewildering in its irrelevant and disconnected variety. Various animals, real and unreal, from turtle-doves to tigers, figure in *Panjandrum*, not to speak of several quaint specimens of the species known as man; and the piece likewise contains excerpts from and suggestions of about every known kind of stage show, from the circus to grand opera. Mr. Hopper, energetically humorous as of yore, and altogether too acrobatic in his methods for a comedian of his legitimate abilities, naturally dominates every situation, aided and abetted by Miss Della Fox. He rides a horse, drives a mule, is tossed by a property bull, ties a knot in the tail of a tiger, and monkeys with a sacred ape, in addition to what he has to do in the way of singing and dancing. A plot is evidently not a necessary element in the composition of an "Olla Podrida," for *Panjandrum* has none. In the first act Mr. Hopper, with evident ill success, attempts to be a toreador (with song), and loses the affections of his lady-love, Miss Fox, by reason of his ignominious exit from the Plaza de Toros on the horns of a bull. Various other people come on and go off, and for some unexplained reason embark upon a boat. The departure of this boat, and its subsequent shipwreck on the island of Borneo, are shown in a very clever scenic interlude with panoramic scenery, which, however, fails of much of its effect from the inability of the audience to understand what it is all about. In the second act, by taking the place of a mummy monarch kept alive by a wily magician for (unexplained) purposes of his own, Mr. Hopper becomes a king. Whether Mr. Hopper is more successful as King of Borneo than as a toreador one could not discover, as by this time it was eleven o'clock, and the curtain fell. The scenery and stage settings of *Panjandrum* are rich and gorgeous in the extreme, and a great variety of more or less irrelevant incidents, comic, pantomimic, and acrobatic, is introduced to atone for the lack of a story. There are a number of clever lines in the dialogue, and the incidents, though irrelevant, are generally sufficiently humorous. *Panjandrum* affords the audience a chance to see as much of Mr. Hopper and Miss Fox as they could possibly desire, and the piece will therefore, owing to Mr. Hopper's great personal popularity, fulfil its purpose for a time at least. The artistic value of *Wang* was certainly debatable. Its popular success, however, was beyond doubt or question. *Panjandrum* was evidently built to be a successor to *Wang;* but its artistic value is even more debatable, and its popular success has not yet been proven. It is unnecessary to discuss the music of a piece of this kind; those who attend a performance of it can readily judge of its value without outside assistance. It is evidently intended to be tuneful in the popular sense, and is often successful in so being. It is to be hoped that *Panjandrum* will make money for Mr. Hopper, as it will hardly increase his artistic reputation. One must add that Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin is responsible for the book of *Panjandrum*, and Mr. Woolson Morse for the music.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's drama, *Mercedes*, is the only strong feature of the triple bill in which Mr. Palmer's most excellent company is now appearing at his theatre. As regards the two other plays which also figure on the programme, the one, *Twilight*, is ridiculous, and the other, *Two Old Boys*, though intended to be humorous, is, frankly, dull. *Mercedes* is called a drama; it is really a tragedy of the deepest dye, and might without impropriety be termed a holocaust. Wholesale slaughter is meted out with an unsparing hand, and the curtain falls at the close of the second act on the extinction by poison not only of all the principal characters, but also of a whole regiment. For all that it is uncompromisingly ghastly, Mr. Aldrich's tragedy is a thoroughly good piece of work. It is impressive, well constructed, and well written, and except that the situation of the second act might have been led up to with more effect and in fewer words, the interest is well sustained. A French officer (played by Mr. Barrymore), who has loved a Spanish girl (Miss Julia Arthur), by whom he had been nursed when wounded, is compelled by the fortunes of war to leave her, and finds himself detailed to "discipline" the village in which she lives. The scene of the first act shows a bivouac of the French troops, and the act itself is taken up with the story. The officer tells of his love, and of his horror at the orders he has received to put every inhabitant of a village which once had shown him kindness to the sword. In the next act the girl is waiting with her babe and her grandmother for the arrival of the French troops, the rest of the inhabitants of the village having fled. The soldiers appear, and having found some wine, which has been poisoned by the departing villagers, compel the girl, the grandmother, and the child to drink first in order to test it. She, thinking her lover false, and not caring what becomes of herself, does so. Then the lover appears, the truth comes out, and the various minor characters in the piece retire to convenient corners to die unobserved, leaving the stage free—as of right—for the death of the principal characters. There is a suggestion of a grewsome kind of humor in the idea that as the curtain falls upon the death of the officer and his sweetheart on the stage the rest of the regiment is dying in detachments all around them.

The play is direct, sincere, and has decided atmosphere. Its principal fault is that it lacks dramatic contrast. It is fortunate that it is short, for otherwise its unrelieved tragic gloom would be distinctly oppressive. It must, however, be credited with having made a distinct and favorable impression. And even better than the drama itself was the way in which it was acted. Miss Arthur's impersonation of the Spanish girl was instinct with passionate intensity and naturalness. Every detail of the character was carefully studied out, and presented with a repose and repressed energy alike admirable and remarkable. Miss Arthur has never appeared to better advantage. Mr. Barrymore, too, having laid aside many of his mannerisms for the occasion, was admirable as the girl's lover, and played with a more than usual amount of his old-time force and feeling. Mr. Henley, Mrs. Bowers, and Mr. Ottormeyer also contributed good work. Altogether, contemporary American dramatic literature has been enriched by the production of a drama like *Mercedes*, which in cumulative tragic interest, intensity of feeling, and condensation of interest may take rank with the best of modern dramatic works.

Old plays are certainly the fashion just at present, for during the past season we have seen almost as many old plays as new ones. Better performances of Goldsmith's immortal comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* have probably been seen in New York in recent years, but Mr. Robson's revival of that play at the Fifth Avenue at least carries out the promise of its programme in that it is in most respects adequate. Mr. Robson gives us a somewhat modern Tony Lumpkin, though an amusing one; but it could be wished that he had treated Goldsmith's text with a little more reverence. The influence, too, of a long-continued indulgence in the *Henrietta* was seen in his delivery of many of the lines; but Mr. Robson can never fail to be amusing, as both his physical and temperamental qualities constantly invite laughter. Apart from Mrs. Robson, who was a gay and sprightly Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Elwood, who, though uneven and somewhat affected, had moments of great excellence as young Marlowe, and Mr. Wooderson, who, though somewhat boisterous, was amusing as Diggory, the rest of the actors seemed to forget that *She Stoops to Conquer* was a comedy and not a farce, and the incidental business with which they had been furnished was certainly not of a kind calculated to make them remember this fact. The original epilogue, which Mr. Robson has resuscitated, was admirably given, and proved by no means the least interesting feature of a performance which, taken altogether, is certainly complete and amusing enough to be decidedly attractive.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is a very good actor of romantic melodrama. He is picturesque, sincere, forcible, and artistic. *Ben-My-Chree*, adapted from Hall Caine's powerful novel *The Deemster*, though a gloomy play, is also an effective one; and yet when taken together these two important factors in a success are not as attractive as it might be supposed they would be. This may be due to the fact that Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Barrett's play is lacking in just that quality which makes *The Deemster* so powerful, and that is an all-pervading feeling of nature and primitive natural forces which control the motive and actions of the various characters represented. In other words, the novel possesses what the play lacks, and that is atmosphere. Events, motives, and situations which seem natural enough in the book strike one as forced and unreal in the play, which therefore fails, in a measure, to carry conviction, and hence to entertain. *Ben-My-Chree* is nevertheless in many respects both interesting and effective. Mr. Barrett presents a strong and clearly drawn picture of the wild, reckless lover and homicide, who is the hero of the piece, and is well supported by Miss Maude Jeffries and Mr. Hodges, who, though he gave a quaintly humorous impersonation of the old servant, could not quite make us forget Mr. George Barrett, who appeared in this part when the play was first produced in this country several years ago.

The principal musical event of the week was the production by the Church Choral Society of Mr. H. W. Parker's religious cantata *Ora Novissima*, which was specially composed for the society. The performance, which was very successful, was conducted by the composer. In *Ora Novissima* Mr. Parker has written a cantata of especial power and merit; it is eminently dignified, and contains some excellent contrapuntal work. There is much writing for double chorus, and the parts are led in a way that shows that the composer has well mastered the rules of the highest forms of composition. If the work is a little lacking in melody and emotion, is perhaps a trifle too intellectual in tone and mediæval in form, it is nevertheless a work which would be a credit to any composer, and one which stamps Mr. Parker as a musician of power, originality, and great promise. It is from such composers that America has much to hope. Mr. Seidl announces that previous to leaving for Chicago he will give a series of twelve concerts, at which his orchestra will be assisted by eminent vocalists and soloists, at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre, liquid and solid refreshments *à la carte* in true German style being served during the performances.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

JAVANESE.
SOUDANESE.
EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.
JAVANESE HUTS.

CAIRO TYPES

THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE WORLD'S FAIR

Graham

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A CALL TO ARMS.

[The waiters' strike now on in New York is not for fewer hours of labor, but for more pay and the right to wear whiskers.—*Daily paper.*]

COME, all ye gallant waiters, from New York to Oregon,
Your armor and your helmets for the battle quickly don!
Come join your comrades at the front, as, plunging in the fray,
They strike a blow for whiskers and a higher rate of pay!

No matter where your home is, and no matter where ye be,
Come hasten to the battle-field and shout for victory!
Come armed with spoon and carving-knife, and let the cold steel flash
In battling for mustaches and a little more hard cash.

The nursery-maids are with you in their sympathy; the cooks
Are thinking of you alway; you can tell it by their looks;
And grooms and butlers by the score await the victory
Of whiskers o'er clean visages with keen anxiety.

Lay down the gilded soup-tureen, hang up the demi-tasse,
Let corks undrawn quiescent lie in porter and in Bass;
Come sharpen well the corkscrew, and desert the tenderloin;
Exert a freeman's privilege to raise a beard and coin.

E'en though you stand attendant on a multimillionaire
Who's casting greedy optics on the evening bill of fare,
E'en though you're bringing terrapin to youths with too much cash,
Desert the tip you dream of, and come fight for your mustache.

So that in years advancing you may take them on your knee,
And tell your great-grandchildren how in eighteen ninety-three
You joined the noble army in that noblest of all fights
For wages somewhat higher and your capillary rights.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

L. BRADFORD PRINCE.
Governor of New Mexico.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONGRESS.

WITHIN the last twenty years, and especially within the last decade, there have been numerous conventions, congresses, and other representative gatherings, under various names, in the Western section of the country, designed to discuss subjects of large local importance, and, as far as possible, by organization and united action, to achieve results otherwise unattainable.

The rapid settlement and development of the newer portions of the country have caused to arise a novel set of questions which were unknown east of the Mississippi, and which call urgently for solution. Such are the questions of cheap transportation to the seaboard, of irrigation, of the disposition of the public domain, of the utilization of the arid lands, of deep harbors on the Texas coast, of silver as a money metal, of stock-raising on the range, and others of almost equal importance.

While some of these subjects were far from new in the world's history, yet they were unfamiliar to the great majority of those who had to meet them. That of irrigation, for example, while as old almost as the existence of man, was yet new to those who crossed the Mississippi from the Eastern States in search of new homes, and, in fact, the cultivation of land unsupplied by moisture from rainfall was unfamiliar to the whole English-speaking race. Besides this, modern science suggested appliances unknown to the crude systems of older nations, and legal difficulties were encountered in many places from the intervention of State lines or the vested rights of prior occupants, which called for most careful consideration.

The people of the West have had to meet all these questions as matters of the utmost practical importance, essential to their growth and prosperity; and they have had to consider and settle them *immediately*, in order to meet the requirements of the rapid influx of population, which nothing could restrain or delay. In older lands they presented themselves gradually, as generations passed and slowly changing conditions called for new adjustments; but here the whole burden of meeting them has fallen on a single set of men. Hence the need of frequent meetings of those interested to confer and consult as to methods and to secure satisfactory results.

The consequence was a long series of conventions dedicated to separate subjects, held at St. Louis, Topeka, Fort Worth, Las Vegas, Cheyenne, Salt Lake, Denver, Helena, Albuquerque, El Paso, and other cities, among the most notable of which, either for their numbers or results, were the first Irrigation Convention, held in Denver as long ago as 1873, the Inter-State Deep Harbor Convention of 1888, and the Silver Convention of 1891.

The present Trans-Mississippi Congress was born at Galveston in February, 1891. A Western Commercial Convention was held in that city, composed largely of delegates from Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado, with a scattering membership from other States and Territories, and it was there determined to organize a permanent institution, to be known as the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which should embrace a representation of all the country west of the Mississippi River, and consider all subjects which interest the people of that vast empire. Hon. W. M. Fishback, of Arkansas, now the Governor of that State, was president of that congress, and it contained a number of gentlemen of national reputation. It adjourned to meet at Denver on May 19th; but meanwhile a very influential convention, of a similar character, was held pursuant to a call of the authorities of Kansas and Missouri, at Kansas City, in the month of April. At this Governor Francis, of Missouri, presided, and its proceedings constitute a large volume.

The second Trans-Mississippi Congress, at Denver, was a highly important body, whether judged from the number or character of those composing it. Delegates were present from fifteen States and Territories, and the subjects discussed, as arranged by resolution, were the Silver Question; Irrigation; the Arid Lands; Transportation; Mississippi River Improvement; Government Control of Levees; Timber Lands; Mining and Minerals; Railway Legislation; Protection of Lead; Immigration and Naturalization; Deep Water Harbors on the Gulf; and Preservation of Forests. The first matter of interest at this congress arose on the election of president. Governor Anthony, of Kansas, had been recommended by the committee, and his long identification with Western interests made him the natural candidate, but he had made remarks, which had been caught up by reporters, in opposition to free silver, and a minority of the committee reported that "no man should preside over this congress, held in this magnificent young city, in which every industry is the product of a silver mine, whose record on this question is at all doubtful," and recommended Mr. E. P. Ferry, of Utah. After long debate Mr. Ferry was elected by a vote of 216½ to 193½. That congress continued in session four days, the leading subjects discussed at length being the free coinage of silver and the proper disposition of the arid lands. On the former question there was a spirited contest between the friends of "free and unlimited coinage" and those of the free coinage of the American product only; and on the latter, between those who favor national aid in the reclamation of the arid lands and those who ask the cession of the lands themselves to the States and Territories in which they exist. Among the prominent participants were Governor Routt, Senator Tabor, Governor Fishback, Senator Warren, Judge Gregory, Judge Symes, Judge Belford, Governor Anthony, Judge Torrey, and a score of others.

Subsequent sessions of the congress have been held at Omaha, in October, 1891, presided over by Hon. C. S. Thomas, of Colorado, and at New Orleans, in February, 1892, when the writer was elected president, each session continuing for four days. The subjects discussed have been substantially the same as those brought before the congress at Denver, with the addition of a few others, such as beet sugar, discussed at Omaha, and the Nicaragua Canal, on which the congress was ably addressed by Hon. Warner Miller at New Orleans. At the latter congress there were also addresses by Governor Hubbard, of Texas, on waterways and harbors; by Senator Gibson on Mississippi improvements; by Colonel Fisk, Governor Anthony, Governor (now Secretary) Morton, and Hon. Thomas M. Patterson on silver; by Judge Foreman on inter-State commerce, etc.

I have stated thus much of the proceedings of previous congresses in order to show the scope of their actual work.

It may be well to add that the basis of representation is arranged so that all interested in the progress of the great West may be represented. It is as follows: Each State and Territory west of the Mississippi is entitled to ten delegates, appointed by the Governor; each county, to one delegate; each city, to one to every ten thousand of population; each board of trade, or chamber of commerce, transportation company, and agricultural society is also entitled to a delegation. This insures a full representation of all interests in the section indicated, and brings together a body of men inferior to none in the country.

It might be thought from its geographical designation that the Trans-Mississippi Congress had some sectional object to attain which was antagonistic to the remainder of the country. But this is far from the case. It will be seen that the topics discussed are those in which the great West is specially interested, and which, as a rule, have no significance in the other sections of our land. Take the subject of deep harbors on the Gulf, for example. A glance at a map will show that the cotton of Texas and Arkansas, the corn of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska, the wheat of Minnesota and the Dakotas, and the varied products of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Montana, are in great need of such improvements, in order to enjoy cheap water transportation for their exports. When the well-understood difference in expense of shipment by land and by water is considered, it will be seen that this is a subject of vital importance, not only in transportation to Central and South America and the West Indies, but to Europe and even to Eastern cities. Hence the intense interest felt in the attainment of a full depth of thirty feet, if possible, at Ropes Pass, or Aransas, or Velasco, or Galveston, and, indeed, at all the proposed points; for a half-dozen ports could be as well supported by the almost fabulous product of the West as are Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, within a short distance of each other on the North Atlantic coast.

Or look at the subject of the arid lands. It must be remembered that the national domain is practically exhausted, with the exception of lands which must be artificially watered; and also that while to the Eastern man accustomed to a rainy climate this seems an abnormal form of cultivation, yet that more than half of the agriculture of the world is carried on by irrigation. This land, when watered, is of great value, it being calculated that ten acres of irrigated land will support a family as well as forty acres of that watered by rain; but without water it is valueless. To utilize it great storage reservoirs and vast systems of irrigation are necessary. How is this best to be done? The action of the government in ceding to the States in the Mississippi Valley the "swamp lands" within their borders is a precedent for the cession of the arid lands to the respective States and Territories in order that they may utilize them in the way that seems best in the locality. But, on the other hand, rivers and storage basins are not confined by State lines, and to leave the subject to the divided and perhaps antagonistic authority of separate States would be to prevent the adoption of broad and comprehensive systems, and perhaps to subject the owners on the lower waters of a river to the rapacity and selfishness of the owners above, who have the first opportunity to seize the precious fluid. The subject becomes more and more difficult and complicated as one pursues it, and it requires the best consideration of those interested, while it does not affect the Atlantic slope or Mississippi Valley at all.

So of silver. While the demonetization of that metal and the consequent vast reduction of the currency of the world affects producers and borrowers in India, or in New York or Illinois, as much as those across the Mississippi, yet incidentally by depriving silver of one of its principal uses it has reduced its value, and thus affects disastrously the silver-producing industry of the Rocky Mountain region. The silver-miner of Colorado, New Mexico, or Nevada feels the reduction instantly, while the effect on the wheat-grower of Michigan, or cotton-raiser of Alabama, or the interest-payer of New York is slower, though equally sure. Thus the brunt of the battle for remonetization falls on the "Silver States," which feel the loss most directly.

The disposition of government lands, the protection of forests, the production of timber (as under the "timber-culture act"), are all matters of infinite importance to the Western man, but do not at all interfere with or antagonize his brethren of the East.

The Trans-Mississippi Congress, then, is an extension and amplification of the village improvement leagues or the citizens' associations which seek to benefit and improve their respective localities. Its object is the development and progress of the great empire between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and the attainment of this result by organization and concert of action.

L. BRADFORD PRINCE.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. H. B. WHEATLEY, the newest editor of *Pepys, his Diary*, has issued it in greater quantities than any previous editor, and assures his readers that the whole of the Diary is now to be made public, "with the exception of a few passages which cannot possibly be printed." "It may be thought by some," he adds, "that these omissions are due to an unnecessary squeamishness, but it is not really so, and readers are therefore asked to have faith in the judgment of the editor."

But, alas! there are always some readers who are never ready to have this particular kind of faith in the judgment of the editor, but manifest the same sort of disproportionate hankering after the omitted passages that the woman in Scripture felt for her one missing spoon. It must be admitted, though, that the earnestness of Mr. Wheatley's assurance suggests such a truly appalling relaxation of language in the omitted passages as all reasonable readers must be only too happy to be spared.

New evidence of the compatibility between literary pursuits and length of days appears in the death, on April 6th, at Bath, England, of Miss Charlotte Anley, authoress of *Earlswood*, *Miriam*, and other works, aged ninety-seven.

Greatness has its appalling accompaniments. Dr. Holmes has been grumbling these many years over the immense burdens of correspondence which his fame had brought upon him. Nevertheless, it appears that fifty pupils of a Cleveland school wrote to him the other day, at the instigation of their teacher, expressing their views of the poem called "The Last Leaf." And the incorrigible Autocrat did just what might have been expected. He answered all those letters with a note fit to excite the emulation of all the other schoolchildren in Ohio, and keep him employed through the spring.

A poem by James W. Riley, entitled "Boston, 1893," begins with the statement that

> "There are thoughts cannot be spoken
> In the common way of speech."

So far as concerns Boston, Mr. Riley is unquestionably right. Thoughts cannot be spoken there in the common way of speech, at least not with any prospect of a respectful hearing. There is authority for asserting that the best language that is used is used in Boston, and if you hope to catch the Boston ear you must be able to express yourself according to the most approved standards. It is creditable to the Hoosier poet's powers of discrimination that he should have recognized Boston's requirements in this particular almost at sight.

It illustrates the degree of personal freedom that Americans enjoy that none of our comic papers has ever been enjoined from the constant publication of jokes in derogation of the married state. One of the humorous contemporaries in particular, which rarely meddles with politics and is easily the leader of the journals of its class, applies itself from January to December to illustration of its apparent belief that courtship is always mercenary, and matrimony a state of uneasy bondage. The theory has been advanced that this journal kept in its pay a poor-young-man-in-love to make evil speeches about all luckier men who can afford to wed, and one or two victims of matrimonial mischance to think up sharp things about marriage. It is ascertained, however, that that theory does the said contemporary injustice. The truth is that, as happy nations have no history worth mentioning, happy marriages and smooth

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

AN anomaly which often struck me in the character of my friend Sherlock Holmes was that although in his methods of thought he was the neatest and most methodical of mankind, and although also he affected a certain quiet primness of dress, he was none the less in his personal habits one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction. Not that I am in the least conventional in that respect myself. The rough-and-tumble work in Afghanistan, coming on the top of a natural bohemianism of disposition, has made me rather more lax than befits a medical man. But with me there is a limit; and when I find a man who keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe end of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very centre of his wooden mantel-piece, then I begin to give myself virtuous airs. I have always held, too, that pistol practice should be distinctly an open-air pastime; and when Holmes, in one of his queer humors, would sit in an arm-chair with his hair-trigger and a hundred Boxer cartridges, and proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a patriotic V. R. done in bullet-pocks, I felt strongly that neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of our room was improved by it.

Our chambers were always full of chemicals and of criminal relics, which had a way of wandering into unlikely positions, and of turning up in the butter-dish, or in even less desirable places. But his papers were my great *crux*. He had a horror of destroying documents, especially those which were connected with his past cases. And yet it was only once in every year or two that he would muster energy to docket and arrange them; for, as I have mentioned somewhere in these incoherent memoirs, the outbursts of passionate energy when he performed the remarkable feats with which his name is associated were followed by reactions of lethargy, during which he would lie about with his violin and his books, hardly moving save from the sofa to the table. Thus month after month his papers accumulated, until every corner of the room was stacked with bundles of manuscript, which were on no account to be burned, and which could not be put away save by their owner. One winter's night, as we sat together by the fire, I ventured to suggest to him that as he had finished pasting extracts into his commonplace book, he might employ the next two hours in making our room a little more habitable. He could not deny the justice of my request; so, with a rather rueful face, he went off to his bedroom, from which he returned presently, pulling a large tin box behind him. This he placed in the middle of the floor, and squatting down in front of it, he threw back the lid. I could see that it was a third full of bundles of paper, tied up with red tape into separate packages.

"There are cases enough here, Watson," said he, looking at me with mischievous eyes. "I think that if you knew all that I had in this box, you would ask me to pull some out instead of putting others in."

"These are the records of your early work, then?" I asked. "I have often wished that I had notes of those cases."

"Yes, my boy, these were all done prematurely before my biographer had come to glorify me." He lifted bundle after bundle in a tender, caressing sort of way. "They are not all successes, Watson," said he. "But there are some pretty little problems among them. Here's the record of the Tarleton murders, and the case of Vamberry the wine-merchant, and the adventure of the old Russian woman, and the singular affair of the aluminium crutch, as well as a full account of Ricoletti of the club-foot, and his abominable wife. And here—ah, now, this really is something a little *recherché*."

He dived his arm down to the bottom of the chest, and brought up a small wooden box with a sliding lid, such as children's toys are kept in. From within he produced a crumpled piece of paper, an old-fashioned brass key, a peg of wood with a ball of string attached to it, and three rusty old disks of metal.

"Well, my boy, what do you make of this lot?" he asked, smiling at my expression.

"It is a curious collection."

"Very curious; and the story that hangs round it will strike you as being more curious still."

"These relics have a history, then?"

"So much so that they *are* history."

"What do you mean by that?"

Sherlock Holmes picked them up one by one and laid them along the edge of the table. Then he reseated himself in his chair and looked them over with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"These," said he, "are all that I have left to remind me of the adventure of the Musgrave Ritual."

I had heard him mention the case more than once, though I had never been able to gather the details. "I should be so glad," said I, "if you would give me an account of it."

"And leave the litter as it is?" he cried, mischievously. "Your tidiness won't bear much strain, after all, Watson. But I should be glad that you should add this case to your annals, for there are points in it which make it quite unique in the criminal records of this or, I believe, of any other country. A collection of my trifling achievements would certainly be incomplete which contained no account of this very singular business.

"You may remember how the affair of the *Gloria Scott* and my conversation with the unhappy man whose fate I told you of first turned my attention in the direction of the profession which has become my life's work. You see me now, when my name has become known far and wide, and when I am generally recognized both by the public and by the official force as being a final court of appeal in doubtful cases. Even when you knew me first, at the time of the affair which you have commemorated in 'A Study in Scarlet,' I had already established a considerable, though not a very lucrative, connection. You can hardly realize, then, how difficult I found it at first, and how long I had to wait before I succeeded in making any headway.

"When I first came up to London I had rooms in Montague Street, just round the corner from the British Museum, and there I waited, filling in my too abundant leisure time by studying all those branches of science which might make me more efficient. Now and again cases came in my way, principally through the introduction of old fellow-students; for during my last years at the university there was a good deal of talk there about myself and my methods. The third of these cases was that of the Musgrave Ritual, and it is to the interest which was aroused by that singular chain of events, and the larger issues which proved to be at stake, that I trace my first stride towards the position which I now hold.

"Reginald Musgrave had been in the same college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. He was not generally popular among the undergraduates, though it always seemed to me that what was set down as pride was really an attempt to cover extreme natural diffidence. In appearance he was a man of an exceedingly aristocratic type—thin, high-nosed, and large-eyed, with languid and yet courtly manners. He was, indeed, a scion of one of the very oldest families in the kingdom, though his branch was a cadet one which had separated from the northern Musgraves some time in the sixteenth century, and had established itself in western Sussex, where the manor-house of Hurlstone is perhaps the oldest inhabited building in the county. Something of his birthplace seemed to cling to the man, and I never looked at his pale keen face or the poise of his head without associating him with gray archways and mullioned windows, and all the venerable wreckage of a feudal keep. Once or twice we drifted into talk, and I can remember that more than once he expressed a keen interest in my methods of observation and inference.

"For four years I had seen nothing of him, until one morning he walked into my room in Montague Street. He had changed little, was dressed like a young man of fashion—he was always a bit of a dandy—and preserved the same quiet, suave manner which had formerly distinguished him.

"'How has all gone with you, Musgrave?' I asked, after we had cordially shaken hands.

"'You probably heard of my poor father's death,' said he. 'He was carried off about two years ago. Since then I have, of course, had the Hurlstone estates to manage, and as I am member for my district as well, my life has been a busy one. But I understand, Holmes, that you are turning to practical ends those powers with which you used to amaze us.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I have taken to living by my wits.'

"'I am delighted to hear it, for your advice at present would be exceedingly valuable to me. We have had some very strange doings at Hurlstone, and the police have been able to throw no light upon the matter. It is really the most extraordinary and inexplicable business.'

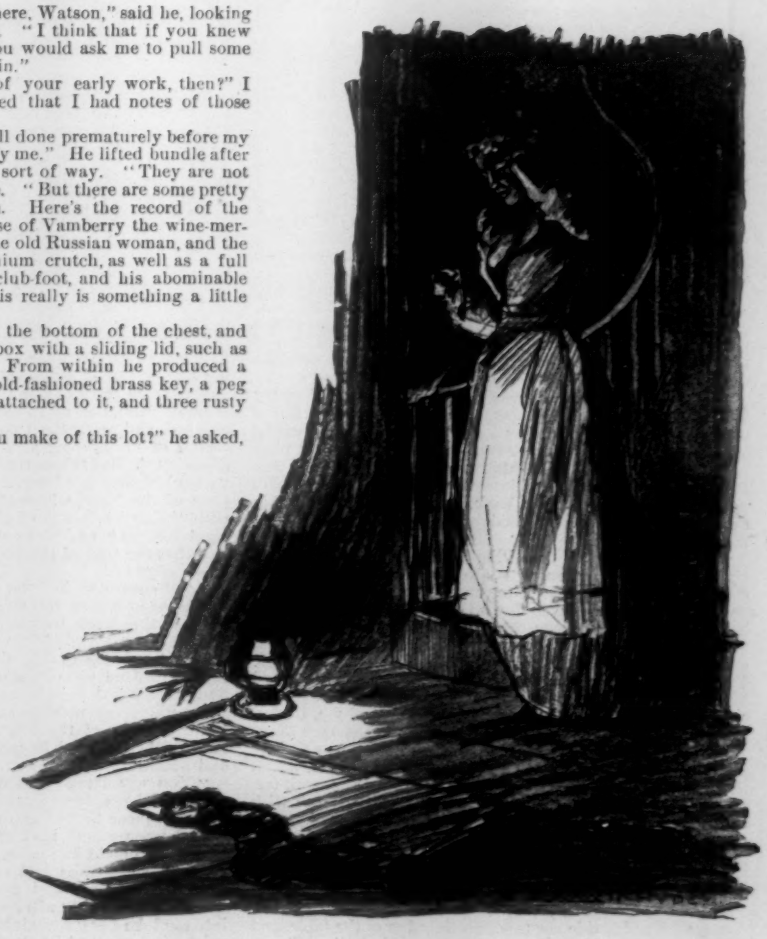
"You can imagine with what eagerness I listened to him, Watson, for the very chance for which I had been panting during all those months of inaction seemed to have come within my reach. In my innermost heart I believed that I could succeed where others failed, and now I had the opportunity to test myself.

"'Pray let me have the details,' I cried.

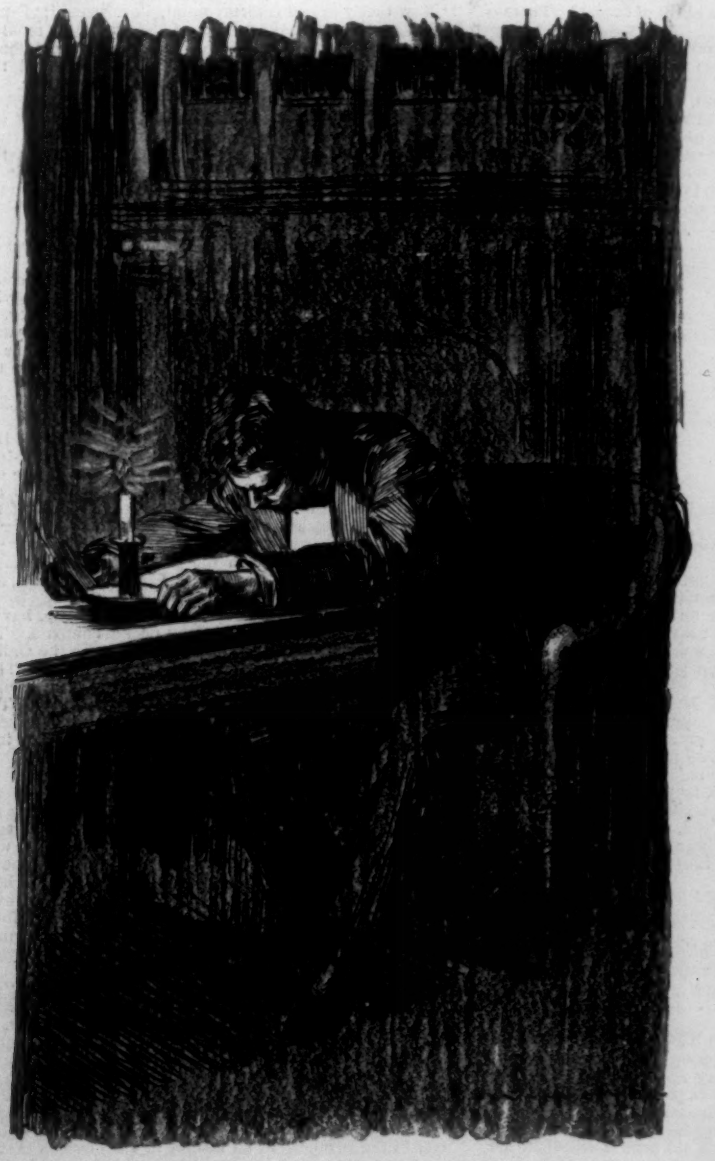
"Reginald Musgrave sat down opposite to me, and lit the cigarette which I had pushed towards him.

"'You must know,' said he, 'that though I am a bachelor, I have to keep up a considerable staff of servants at Hurlstone, for it is a rambling old place, and takes a good deal of looking after. I preserve, too, and in the pheasant months I usually have a house party, so that it would not do to be short-handed. Altogether there are eight maids, the cook, the butler, two footmen, and a boy. The garden and the stables, of course, have a separate staff.

"'Of these servants the one who had been longest in our service was Brunton the butler. He was a young schoolmaster out of place when he was first taken up by my father; but he was a man of great energy and character, and he soon became quite invaluable in the household. He was a well-grown, handsome man, with a splendid forehead, and though he has been with us for twenty years, he cannot be more



"STILL CLUTCHING AT HER TREASURE-TROVE."



"HE BEGAN TO STUDY IT WITH MINUTE ATTENTION."

than forty now. With his personal advantages and his extraordinary gifts—for he can speak several languages and play nearly every musical instrument—it is wonderful that he should have been satisfied so long in such a position; but I suppose that he was comfortable, and lacked energy to make any change. The butler of Hurlstone is always a thing that is remembered by all who visit us.

"'But this paragon has one fault. He is a bit of a Don Juan, and you can imagine that for a man like him it is not a very difficult part to play in a quiet country district. When he was married it was all right, but since he has been a widower we have had no end of trouble with him. A few months ago we were in hopes that he was about to settle down again, for he became engaged to Rachel Howells, our second house-maid; but he has thrown her over since then, and taken up with Janet Tregellis, the daughter of the head game-keeper. Rachel, who is a very good girl, but of an excitable Welsh temperament, had a sharp touch of brain-fever, and goes about the house now—or did until yesterday—like a black-eyed shadow of her former self. That was our first drama at Hurlstone, but a second one came to drive it from our minds, and it was prefaced by the disgrace and dismissal of butler Brunton.

"'This was how it came about: I have said that the man was intelligent, and this very intelligence has caused his ruin, for it seems to have led to an insatiable curiosity about things which did not in the least concern him. I had no idea of the lengths to which this curiosity would carry him until the merest accident opened my eyes to it.

"'I have said that the house is a rambling one. One day last week—on Thursday night, to be more exact—I found that I could not sleep, having foolishly taken a cup of strong *café noir* after my dinner. After struggling against it until two in the morning, I felt that it was quite hopeless, so I rose and lit the candle, with the intention of continuing a novel which I was reading. The book, however, had been left in the billiard-room, so I pulled on my dressing-gown and started off to get it.

"'In order to reach the billiard-room I had to descend a flight of stairs, and then cross the head of a passage which led to the library and the gun-room. You can imagine my surprise when, as I looked down this corridor, I saw a glimmer of light coming from the open door of the library. I had myself extinguished the lamp and closed the door before going to bed. Naturally my first thought was of burglars. The corridors at Hurlstone have their walls largely decorated with trophies of old weapons. From one of these I picked a battle-axe, and then, leaving my candle behind me, I crept on tiptoe down the passage, and peeped in at the open door.

"'Brunton, the butler, was in the library. He was sitting, fully dressed, in an easy-chair, with a slip of paper, which looked like a map, upon his knee, and his forehead sunk forward upon his hand in deep thought. I stood, dumb with astonishment, watching him from the darkness. A small taper on the edge of the table shed a feeble light, which sufficed to show me that he was fully dressed. Suddenly, as I looked, he rose from his chair, and walking over to a bureau at the side, he unlocked it, and drew out one of the drawers. From this he took a paper, and, returning to his seat, he flattened it out beside the taper on the edge of the table, and began to study it with minute attention. My indignation at this calm examination of our family documents overcame me so far that I took a step forward, and Brunton, looking up, saw me standing in the doorway. He sprang to his feet, his face turned livid with fear, and he thrust into his breast the chartlike paper which he had been originally studying. "So!" said I. "This is how you repay the trust which we have reposed in you. You will leave my service to-morrow."

"'He bowed, with the look of a man who is utterly crushed, and slunk past me without a word. The taper was still on the table, and by its light I glanced to see what the paper was which Brunton had taken from the bureau. To my surprise, it was nothing of any importance at all, but simply a copy of the questions and answers in the singular old observance called the Musgrave Ritual. It is a sort of ceremony peculiar to our family, which each Musgrave for centuries past has gone through on his coming of age—a thing of private interest, and perhaps of some little importance to the archæologist, like our own blazonings and charges, but of no practical use whatever.'

"'We had better come back to the paper afterwards,' said I.

"'If you think it really necessary,' he answered, with some hesitation. 'To continue my statement, however: I relocked the bureau, using the key which Brunton had left, and I had turned to go when I was surprised to find that the butler had returned and was standing before me. "Mr. Musgrave, sir," he cried, in a voice which was hoarse with emotion, "I can't bear disgrace, sir. I've always been proud above my station in life, and disgrace would kill me. My blood will be on your head, sir—it will indeed—if you drive me to despair. If you cannot keep me after what has passed, then for God's sake let me give you notice and leave in a month, as if of my own free-will. I could stand that, Mr. Musgrave, but not to be cast out before all the folk that I know so well." "You don't deserve much consideration, Brunton," I answered. "Your conduct has been most infamous. However, as you have been a long time in the family, I have no wish to bring public disgrace upon you. A month, however, is too long. Take yourself away in a week, and give what reason you like for going." "Only a week, sir," he cried, in a despairing voice. "A fortnight—say at least a fortnight." "A week," I repeated, "and you may consider yourself to have been very leniently dealt with."

"'He crept away, his face sunk upon his breast like a broken man, while I put out the light and returned to my room.

"'For two days after this Brunton was most assiduous in his attention to his duties. I made no allusion to what had passed, and waited with some curiosity to see how he would cover his disgrace. On the third morning, however, he did not appear, as was his custom, after breakfast to receive my instructions for the day. As I left the dining-room I happened to meet Rachel Howells, the maid. I have told you that she had only recently recovered from an illness, and was looking so wretchedly pale and wan that I remonstrated with her for being at work. "You should be in bed," I said. "Come back to your duties when you are stronger." She looked at me with so strange an expression that I began to suspect that her brain was affected. "I am strong enough, Mr. Musgrave," said she. "We will see what the doctor says," I answered. "You must stop work now, and when you go down stairs just say that I wish to see Brunton." "The butler is gone," said she. "Gone! Gone where?" "He is gone. No one has seen him. He is not in his room. Oh yes, he is gone, he is gone!"

"'She fell back against the wall with shriek after shriek of laughter, while I, horrified at this sudden hysterical attack, rushed to the bell to summon help. The girl was taken to her room, still screaming and sobbing, while I made inquiries about Brunton. There was no doubt about it that he had disappeared. His bed had not been slept in; he had been seen by no one since he had retired to his room the night before; and yet it was difficult to see how he could have left the house, as both windows and doors were found to be fastened in the morning. His clothes, his watch, and even his money were in his room, but the black suit which he usually wore was missing. His slippers, too, were gone, but his boots were left behind. Where, then, could butler Brunton have gone in the night, and what could have become of him now?

"'Of course we searched the house from cellar to garret, but there was no trace of him. It is, as I have said, a labyrinth of an old house, especially the original wing, which is now practically uninhabited, but we ransacked every room and cellar without discovering the least sign of the missing man. It was incredible to me that he could have gone away leaving all his property behind him, and yet where could he be? I called in the local police, but without success. Rain had fallen on the night before, and we examined the lawn and the paths all round the house, but in vain. Matters were in this state, when a new development quite drew our attention away from the original mystery.

"'For two days Rachel Howells had been so ill, sometimes delirious, sometimes hysterical, that a nurse had been employed to sit up with her at night. On the third night after Brunton's disappearance, the nurse, finding her patient sleeping nicely, had dropped into a nap in the arm-chair, when she woke in the early morning to find the bed empty, the window open, and no signs of the invalid. I was instantly aroused, and, with the two footmen, started off at once in search of the missing girl. It was not difficult to tell the direction she had taken, for, starting from under her window, we could follow her footmarks easily across the lawn to the edge of the Mere, where they vanished close to the gravel path which leads out of the grounds. The lake there is eight feet deep, and you can imagine our feelings when we saw that the trail of the poor demented girl came to an end at the edge of it.

"'Of course we had the drags at once, and set to work to recover the remains, but no trace of the body could we find. On the other hand, we brought to the surface an object of a most unexpected kind. It was a linen bag which contained within it a mass of old rusted and discolored metal, and several dull colored pieces of pebble or glass. This strange find was all that we could get from the Mere, and although we made every possible search and inquiry yesterday, we know nothing of the fate either of Rachel Howells or of Richard Brunton. The county police are at their wits' end, and I have come up to you as a last resource.'

"You can imagine, Watson, with what eagerness I listened to this extraordinary sequence of events, and endeavored to piece them together, and to devise some common thread upon which they might all hang. The butler was gone. The maid was gone. The maid had loved the butler, but had afterwards had cause to hate him. She was of Welsh blood, fiery and passionate. She had been terribly excited immediately after his disappearance. She had flung into the lake a bag containing some curious contents. These were all factors which had to be taken into consideration, and yet none of them got quite to the heart of the matter. What was the starting-point of this chain of events? There lay the end of this tangled line.

"'I must see that paper, Musgrave,' said I, 'which this butler of yours thought it worth his while to consult, even at the risk of the loss of his place.'

"'It is rather an absurd business, this ritual of ours,' he answered. 'But it has at least the saving grace of antiquity to excuse it. I have a copy of the questions and answers here, if you care to run your eye over them.'

"He handed me the very paper which I have here, Watson, and this is the strange catechism to which each Musgrave had to submit when he came to man's estate. I will read you the questions and answers as they stand.

"'Whose was it?'

"'His who is gone.'

"'Who shall have it?'

"'He who will come.'

"'Where was the sun?'

"'Over the oak.'

"'Where was the shadow?'

"'Under the elm.'

"'How was it stepped?'

"'North by ten and by ten, east by five and by five, south by two and by two, west by one and by one, and so under.'

"'What shall we give for it?'

"'All that is ours.'

"'Why should we give it?'

"'For the sake of the trust.'

"'The original has no date, but is in the spelling of the middle of the seventeenth century,' remarked Musgrave. 'I am afraid, however, that it can be of little help to you in solving this mystery.'

"'At least,' said I, 'it gives us another mystery, and one which is even more interesting than the first. It may be that the solution of the one may prove to be the solution of the other. You will excuse me, Musgrave, if I say that your butler appears to me to have been a very clever man, and to have had a clearer insight than ten generations of his masters.'

"'I hardly follow you,' said Musgrave. 'The paper seems to me to be of no practical importance.'

"'But to me it seems immensely practical, and I fancy that Brunton took the same view. He had probably seen it before that night on which you caught him.'

"'It is very possible. We took no pains to hide it.'

"'He simply wished, I should imagine, to refresh his memory upon that last occasion. He had, as I understand, some sort of map or chart, which he was comparing with the manuscript, and which he thrust into his pocket when you appeared.'

"'That is true. But what could he have to do with this old family custom of ours, and what does this rigmarole mean?'

"'I don't think that we should have much difficulty in determining that,' said I. 'With your permission, we will take the first train down to Sussex and go a little more deeply into the matter upon the spot.'

"The same afternoon saw us both at Hurlstone. Possibly you have seen pictures and read descriptions of the famous old building, so I will confine my account of it to saying that it is built in the shape of an L, the long arm being the more modern portion, and the shorter the ancient nucleus from which the other has developed. Over the low heavy lintelled door in the centre of this old part is chiselled the date 1607, but experts are agreed that the beams and stonework are really much older than this. The enormously thick walls and tiny windows of this part had in the last century driven the family into building the new wing, and the old one was used now as a storehouse and a cellar when it was used at all. A splendid park with fine old timber surrounds the house, and the lake to which my client had referred lay close to the avenue, about two hundred yards from the building.

"I was already firmly convinced, Watson, that there were not three separate mysteries here, but only one; and that if I could read the Musgrave Ritual aright, I should hold in my hand the clew which would lead me to the truth concerning both the butler Brunton and the maid Howells. To that, then, I turned all my energies. Why should this servant be so anxious to master this old formula? Evidently because he saw something in it which had escaped all those generations of country squires, and from which he expected some personal advantage. What was it, then, and how had it affected his fate?

"It was perfectly obvious to me on reading the ritual that the measurements must refer to some spot to which the rest of the document alluded, and that if we could find that spot we should be in a fair way towards finding what the secret was which the old Musgraves had thought necessary to embalm in so curious a fashion. There were two guides given us to start with—an oak and an elm. As to the oak, there could be no question at all. Right in front of the house, upon the left-hand side of the drive, there stood a patriarch among oaks, one of the most magnificent trees that I have ever seen.

"'That was there when your ritual was drawn up,' said I, as we drove past it.

"'It was there at the Norman Conquest, in all probability,' he answered. 'It has a girth of twenty-three feet.'

"Here was one of my fixed points secured.

"'Have you any old elms?' I asked.

"'There used to be a very old one over yonder, but it was struck by lightning ten years ago, and we cut down the stump.'

"'You can see where it used to be?'

"'Oh yes.'

"'There are no other elms?'

"'No old ones, but plenty of beeches.'

"'I should like to see where it grew.'

"We had driven up in a dog-cart, and my client led me away at once, without our entering the house, to the scar on the lawn where the elm had stood. It was nearly midway between the oak and the house. My investigation seemed to be progressing.

"'I suppose it is impossible to find out how high the elm was?' I asked.

"'I can give you it at once. It was sixty-four feet.'

"'How do you come to know it?' I asked, in surprise.

"'When my old tutor used to give me an exercise in trigonometry it always took the shape of measuring heights. When I was a lad I worked out every tree and building in the estate.'

"This was an unexpected piece of luck. My data were coming more quickly than I could have reasonably hoped.

"'Tell me,' I asked, 'did your butler ever ask you such a question?'

"Reginald Musgrave looked at me in astonishment.

"'Now that you call it to my mind,' he answered, 'Brunton *did* ask me about the height of the tree some months ago, in connection with some little argument with the groom.'

"This was excellent news, Watson, for it showed me that I was on the right road. I looked up at the sun. It was low in the heavens, and I calculated that in less than an hour it would lie just above the topmost branches of the old oak. One condition mentioned in the ritual would then be fulfilled. And the shadow of the elm must mean the further end of the shadow; otherwise the trunk would have been chosen as the guide. I had then to find where the far end of the shadow would fall when the sun was just clear of the oak."

"That must have been difficult, Holmes, when the elm was no longer there."

"Well, at least I knew that if Brunton could do it I could also. Besides, there was no real difficulty. I went with Musgrave to his study and whittled myself this peg, to which I tied this long string, with a knot at each yard. Then I took two lengths of a fishing-rod, which came to just six feet, and I went back with my client to where the elm had been. The sun was just grazing the top of the oak. I fastened the rod on end, marked out the direction of the shadow, and measured it. It was nine feet in length.

"Of course the calculation now was a simple one. If a rod of six feet threw a shadow of nine, a tree of sixty-four feet would throw one of ninety-six, and the line of the one would, of course, be the line of the other. I measured out the distance, which brought me almost to the wall of the house, and I thrust a peg into the spot. You can imagine my exultation, Watson, when within two inches of my peg I saw a conical depression in the ground. I knew that it was the mark made by Brunton in his measurements, and that I was still upon his trail.

"From this starting-point I proceeded to step, having first taken the cardinal points by my pocket-compass. Ten steps with each foot took me along parallel with the wall of the house, and again I marked my spot with a peg. Then I carefully paced off five to the east and two to the south. It brought me to the very threshold of the old door. Two steps to the west meant now that I was to go two paces down the stone-flagged passage, and this was the place indicated by the ritual.

"Never have I felt such a cold chill of disappointment, Watson. For a moment it seemed to me that there must be some radical mistake in my calculations. The setting sun shone full upon the passage floor, and I could see that the old foot-worn gray stones with which it was paved were firmly cemented together, and had certainly not been moved for many a long year. Brunton had not been at work here. I tapped upon the floor, but it sounded the same all over, and there was no sign of any crack or crevice But fortunately Musgrave, who had begun to appreciate the meaning of my proceedings, and who was now as excited as myself, took out his manuscript to check my calculations.

"'And under,' he cried. 'You have omitted the "and under."'

"I had thought that it meant that we were to dig, but now, of course, I saw at once that I was wrong. 'There is a cellar under this, then?' I cried.

"'Yes, and as old as the house. Down here, through this door.'

"We went down a winding stone stair; and my companion, striking a match, lit a large lantern which stood on a barrel in the corner. In an instant it was obvious that we had at last come upon the true place, and that we had not

been the only people to visit the spot recently.

"It had been used for the storage of wood, but the billets, which had evidently been littered over the floor, were now piled at the sides so as to leave a clear space in the middle. In this space lay a large and heavy flag-stone with a rusted iron ring in the centre, to which a thick shepherd's check muffler was attached.

"'By Jove!' cried my client. 'That's Brunton's muffler I have seen it on him, and could swear to it. What has the villain been doing here?'

"At my suggestion a couple of the county police were summoned to be present, and I then endeavored to raise the stone by pulling on the cravat. I could only move it slightly, and it was with the aid of one of the constables that I succeeded at last in carrying it to one side. A black hole yawned beneath, into which we all peered, while Musgrave, kneeling at the side, pushed down the lantern.

"A small chamber, about seven feet deep and four feet square, lay open to us At one side of this was a squat brass-bound wooden box, the lid of which was hinged upwards, with this curious old-fashioned key projecting from the lock. It was furred outside by a thick layer of dust, and damp and worms had eaten through the wood so that a crop of livid fungi was growing on the inside of it. Several disks of metal, old coins apparently, such as I hold here, were scattered over the bottom of the box, but it contained nothing else.

"At the moment, however, we had no thought for the old chest, for our eyes were riveted upon that which crouched beside it. It was the figure of a man clad in a suit of black who squatted down upon his hams, with his forehead sunk, upon the edge of the box and his two arms thrown out on each side of it. The attitude had drawn all the stagnant blood to the face, and no man could have recognized that distorted liver-colored countenance; but his height, his dress, and his hair were all-sufficient to show my client, when we had drawn the body up, that it was indeed his missing butler. He had been dead some days, but there was no wound or bruise upon his person to show how he had met his dreadful end. When his body had been carried from the cellar we found ourselves still confronted with a problem which was almost as formidable as that with which we had started.

"I confess that so far, Watson, I had been disappointed in my investigation. I had reckoned upon solving the matter when once I had found the place referred to in the ritual, but now I was there, and was apparently as far as ever from knowing what it was which the family had concealed with such elaborate precautions. It is true that I had thrown a light upon the fate of Brunton, but now I had to ascertain how that fate had come upon him, and what part had been played in the matter by the woman who had disappeared. I sat down upon a keg in the corner and thought the whole matter carefully over

"You know my methods in such cases, Watson. I put myself in the man's place, and having first gauged his intelligence, I try to imagine how I should myself have proceeded under the same circumstances. In this case the matter was simplified by Brunton's intelligence being quite first rate, so that it was unnecessary to make any allowance for the personal equation, as the astronomers have dubbed it. He knew that some valuable was concealed He had spotted the place. He found that the stone which covered it was just too heavy for a man to move unaided What would he do next? He could not get help from outside, even if he had some one whom he could trust, without the unbarring of doors, and considerable risk of detection. It was better, if he could, to have his helpmate inside the house. But whom could he ask? This girl had been devoted to him A man always finds it hard to realize that he may have finally lost a woman's love, however badly he may have treated her. He would try by a few attentions to make his peace with the girl Howells, and then would engage her as his accomplice. Together they would come at night to the cellar, and their united forces would suffice to raise the stone. So far I could follow their actions as if I had actually seen them.

"But for two of them, and one a woman, it must have been heavy work, the raising of that stone. A burly Sussex policeman and I had found it no light job. What would they do to assist him? Probably what I should have done myself I rose and examined carefully the different billets of wood which were scattered round the floor. Almost at once I came upon what I expected. One piece about three feet in length had a very marked indentation at one end, while several were flattened at the sides as if they had been compressed by some considerable weight. Evidently, as they had dragged the stone up, they had thrust the chunks of wood into the chink, until at last, when the opening was large enough to crawl through, they would hold it open by a billet placed lengthwise, which might very well become indented at the lower end, since the whole weight of the stone would press it down on to the edge of this other slab. So far I was still on safe ground.

"And now how was I to proceed to reconstruct this midnight drama. Clearly only one could fit into the hole, and that one was Brunton. The girl must have waited above. Brunton then unlocked the box, handed up the contents, presumably—since they were not to be found—and then—and then what happened?

"What smouldering fire of vengeance had suddenly sprung into flame in this passionate Celtic woman's soul when she saw the man who had wronged her—wronged her, perhaps, far more than we suspected—in her power? Was it a chance that the wood had slipped, and that the stone had shut Brunton into what had become his sepulchre? Had she only been guilty of silence as to his fate? Or had some sudden blow from her hand dashed the support away and sent the slab crashing down into its place? Be that as it might, I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutching at her treasure-trove, and flying wildly up the winding stair, with her ears ringing, perhaps, with the muffled screams from behind her, and with the drumming of frenzied hands against the slab of stone which was choking her faithless lover's life out.

"Here was the secret of her blanched face, her shaken nerves, her peals of hysterical laughter on the next morning. But what had been in the box? What had she done with that? Of course it must have been the old metal and pebbles which my client had dragged from the Mere. She had thrown them in there at the first opportunity, to remove the last trace of her crime

"For twenty minutes I had sat motionless, thinking the matter out. Musgrave still stood with a very pale face, swinging his lantern and peering down into the hole.

"'These are coins of Charles the First,' said he, holding out the few which had been in the box. 'You see, we were right in fixing our date for the ritual.'

"'We may find something else of Charles the First,' I cried, as the probable meaning of the first two questions of the ritual broke suddenly upon me. 'Let me see the contents of the bag which you fished from the Mere.'

"We ascended to his study, and he laid the débris before me. I could understand his regarding it as of small importance when I looked at it, for the metal was almost black

(Continued on page 458.)

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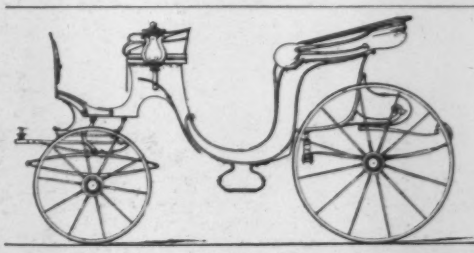

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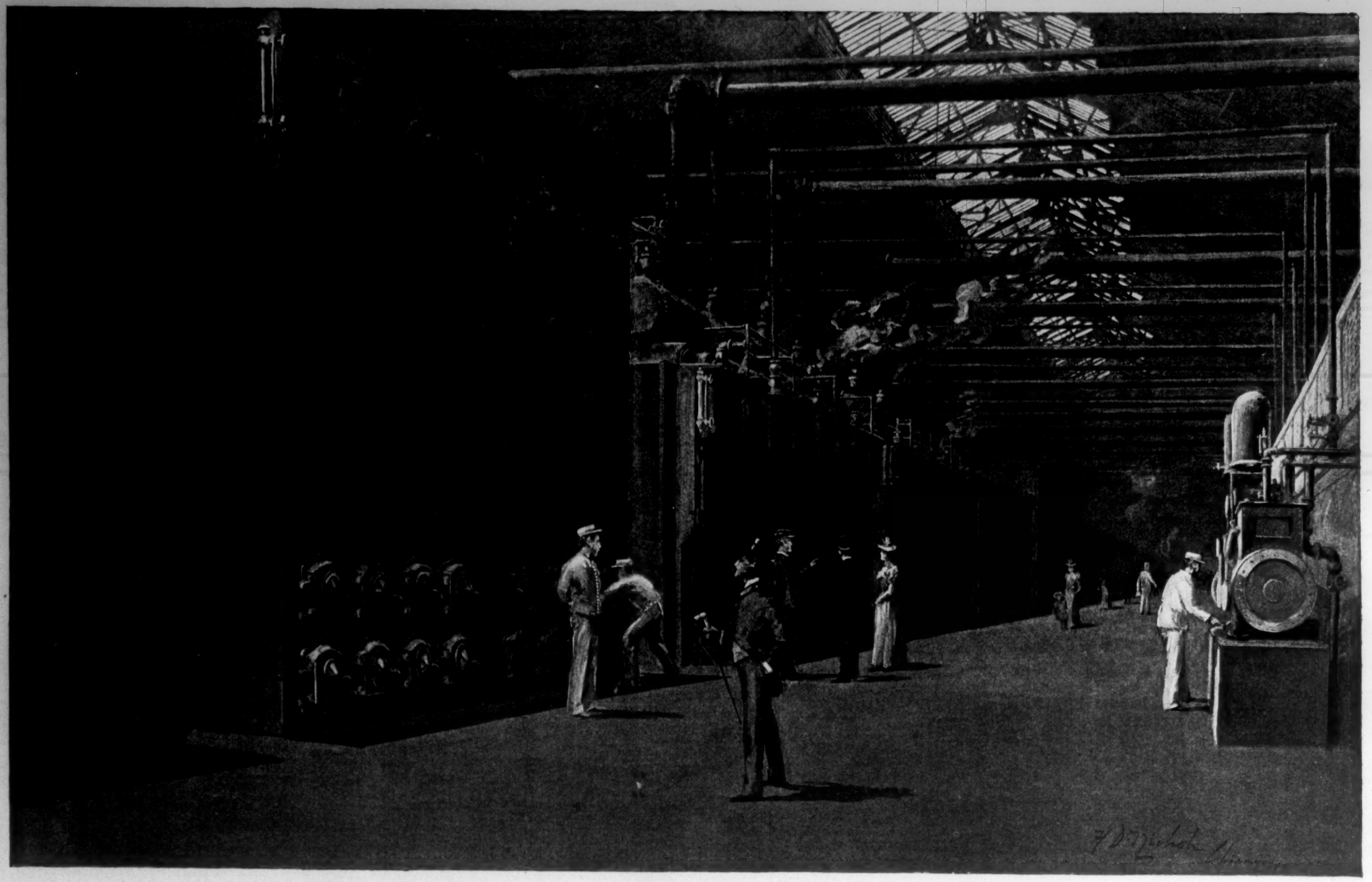

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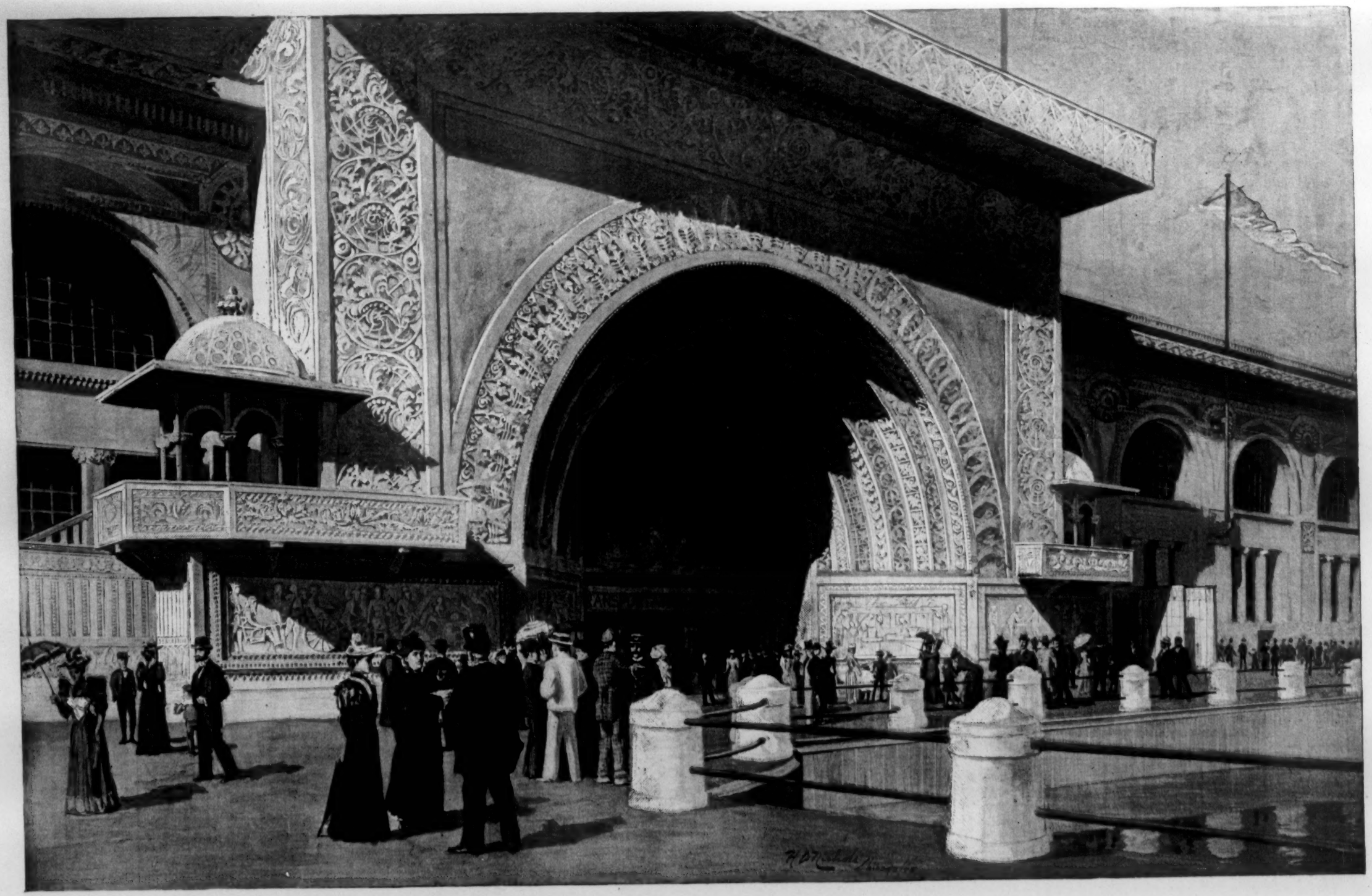
Looking down the long Avenue of Boilers and Furnaces. The Fires to be fed with Petroleum Oil piped from a Distance of Twenty-one Miles.—[See Page 442.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GOLDEN DOORWAY TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

(Continued from page 455.)

and the stones lustreless and dull. I rubbed one of them on my sleeve, however, and it glowed afterwards like a spark in the dark hollow of my hand. The metal-work was in the form of a double ring, but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape.

"'You must bear in mind,' said I, 'that the royal party made head in England even after the death of the king, and that when they at last fled they probably left many of their most precious possessions buried behind them, with the intention of returning for them in more peaceful times.'

"'My ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, was a prominent Cavalier, and the right-hand man of Charles the Second in his wanderings,' said my friend.

"'Ah, indeed!' I answered. 'Well, now, I think that really should give us the last link that we wanted. I must congratulate you on coming into the possession, though in rather a tragic manner, of a relic which is of great intrinsic value, but of even greater importance as a historical curiosity.'

"'What is it, then?' he gasped, in astonishment.

"'It is nothing less than the ancient crown of the kings of England.'

"'The crown!'

"'Precisely. Consider what the ritual says. How does it run? "Whose was it?" "His who is gone." That was after the execution of Charles. Then: "Who shall have it?" "He who will come." That was Charles the Second, whose advent was already foreseen. There can, I think, be no doubt that this battered and shapeless diadem once encircled the brows of the royal Stewarts.'

"'And how came it in the pond?'

"'Ah! that is a question that will take some time to answer.' And with that I sketched out to him the whole long chain of surmise and of proof which I had constructed. The twilight had closed in and the moon was shining brightly in the sky before my narrative was finished.

"'And how was it, then, that Charles did not get his crown when he returned?' asked Musgrave, pushing back the relic into its linen bag.

"'Ah! there you lay your finger upon the one point which we shall probably never be able to clear up. It is likely that the Musgrave who held the secret died in the interval, and by some oversight left this guide to his descendant without explaining the meaning of it. From that day to this it has been handed down from father to son, until at last it came within reach of a man who tore its secret out of it, and lost his life in the venture.'

"And that's the story of the Musgrave Ritual, Watson. They have the crown down at Hurlstone—though they had some legal bother and a considerable sum to pay before they were allowed to retain it. I am sure that if you mentioned my name they would be happy to show it to you. Of the woman nothing was ever heard, and the probability is that she got away out of England, and carried herself and the memory of her crime to some land beyond the seas."

A MAY SONG.

Blow wind from out the south,
And hither swiftly bring
A message from the mouth—
The fragrant mouth of spring;
And when is heard the whispered word,
Each brook shall be a string,
To whose sweet melody the bird
Shall sing—shall sing!

Blue as the sky the breast,
And blue the sudden wing
Shall be of this glad guest—
This happy guest of spring;
He knows by rote her cheery note,
And all the air shall ring
When he with rapture in his throat
Shall sing—shall sing!

Blow wind, and breathe of May
And wildflowers blossoming,
Of buds upon the spray,
To welcome in the spring;
The brook shall be a minstrel free,
And every waking thing
With her blue herald in the tree
Shall sing—shall sing!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The necessity of changing the policy that has existed since the foundation of this government in relation to immigration into this country is becoming more apparent to every observing citizen, and the placing of restriction upon the rights of immigration, so as to prevent the incoming and settlement among us of undesirable classes, is almost universally conceded.

When the existing policy of unrestricted immigration was first declared, this was a sparsely settled continent, with many millions of acres of land open to settlement; and, as in nearly all new countries, its development demanded the employment of large armies of laborers.

To-day, the public lands owned by the government have nearly all been sold, and fewer opportunities are afforded to the settler without means to create a home in the United States, while the events that have transpired in the labor centres of this country during the past five years teach us that we have a supply of labor that exceeds the demand. These two facts demonstrate that the time has arrived when there should be a change in our policy in relation to immigration. It was originally contemplated that the people who would avail themselves of our liberal offers to immigrants would be such as would, after a short time, assimilate with our people, and become believers in our form of government, and in the necessity of maintaining our institutions and our civilization for the reason that they guaranteed the greatest good to our people.

During the past few years we have observed a decided change in the character of immigration. People who refuse to assimilate with us, and whose birth and education—religious, political, and social—are at variance with ours, tend rather to destroy than to improve the condition of our country and of our civilization. That all such classes, no matter whence they come, should be excluded from the United States must be apparent to all.

Having been confronted with the immigration of one of these undesirable classes for many years, and knowing the evils resulting therefrom, we of the Pacific coast feel that we are in a better position to judge of their desirability than are our Eastern friends, who must judge the race and its contaminating influences by the comparatively few who have drifted East.

The Chinese are an undesirable immigration from a political, social, and economical stand-point. We have permitted and encouraged immigration in the past because of the belief that each immigrant had a money value, in that his labor, as applied to the development of the natural resources of the country, produced some new value, which enriched the community and increased the wealth of the nation.

The Chinese immigrants are actuated by different purposes from those of other aliens. They have no intention of remaining here longer than is necessary to acquire a sum of money sufficient to maintain them in their own land. All expect to return there some day, taking with them the profit of their labor here.

They bring no families with them, and do not become permanent residents, but are mere birds of passage, whose labor earnings represent no increase of wealth in the State.

They establish no domestic relations here, found no homes, and in no wise increase or promote the growth of the community in which they reside, and are, for these reasons, to be considered as different from the other immigrants, and their coming should be regulated by different laws from those applying to other alien races who come here. The latter come, with few exceptions, with no intention of returning to their native land. Their earnings are retained here, they marry, families are established, homes builded; and many other citizens find, in time, employment in satisfying the wants thus created. Farms are subdivided, and small settlements established; towns spring up, and the country experiences the benefit of their growth and development.

The Chinaman does none of these things. He comes a bachelor and remains one, animated only by the desire of living as cheaply as possible, spending as little as possible, and returning to his native land with his earnings.

He lives in hovels that a white man could not exist in. He acquires no vested rights in realty, and on his departure the country is poorer by the amount he takes with him.

If we had had in California a number of white laborers equal to the number of our Chinese, we would have retained here many millions of dollars which have been sent to China, and we would have a far greater measure of prosperity than we now enjoy.

Is it a good policy to encourage the immigration of a class of laborers coming with the purpose of the Chinese?

During the past few years the commissioners of immigration on the Atlantic side have returned to Europe many laborers who were in the habit annually of coming over to the United States in the summer to labor as stone-cutters and toilers generally, and who returned to their native land in the fall, there to enjoy the fruits of the summer's work; and public sentiment in the East approved of the action of the department.

The only difference between this class of European laborers and the Chinese is that the Chinaman remains and labors during the winter, and thus increases the amount he finally withdraws.

The resident laborers of the country, the men who bear the burdens of maintaining the government, and who are relied on to defend it when attacked, are entitled to protection against this class of labor, no matter whence it comes; and the government that fails to so protect its citizens is guilty of negligence and indifference to the necessities of its people.

Another objection to the Chinese is founded on their attitude toward our government. It cannot be in accord with good public policy to permit a foreign people in large numbers to reside in our midst, as the Chinese do, and yet recognize allegiance not to our government, but to the government of their native land. Nearly all of the Chinese in the United States come from one province of China, and are members of one or the other of the Six Chinese Companies, so called, who control the movements and the affairs of their members.

The Chinese here live to themselves; they adopt none of the customs or habits of our people, but retain the dress, manners, and mode of life of their native land. They acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Emperor of China over them and their affairs in the United States. In fact, they establish a little Chinese Empire in our midst, and recognize their allegiance to the laws of the mother country rather than to our laws.

During the past week the Chinese consul in San Francisco, wearying of the internecine strife of these people, has issued his proclamation calling their attention to the fact that in carrying on this warfare they were violating a law not of the United States, but of China, and threatening them that he, as a representative of the Chinese government, would arrest the violators of its laws and return them to China, where they would be punished in accordance with the laws of that country.

Can any lover of this government believe that the further immigration of a class of people who, while here, recognize allegiance to a foreign power, and are amenable to its laws, can be a benefit to this land? And should we permit them to establish themselves in large numbers in our midst?

Suppose a hundred thousand Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, or numbers of other foreign races, should establish themselves as a colony in a portion of New York or Boston, recognizing their allegiance not to our laws, but to the laws of their native land, how long would the people of the East permit such immigration? We of the West do not believe such to be beneficial to the country.

From political considerations, then, this state of affairs should not be permitted to continue. If no other reason were found for the exclusion of the Chinese, this condition should be sufficient. We of California, who have been intimately acquainted with the Chinese character for years, find other objections, based upon their moral and social conditions.

No person who has visited the Chinese quarters in San Francisco but would bear me witness of their degrading influence in a community.

The Chinaman in the East is represented as a peaceable, innocent laborer. The Chinese that we have to deal with in California do not sustain the reports generally sent us from the East, and even from China; and it has been represented to us that the immigration from China is from one province, and that province one of the lowest, socially, in China.

Instead of being a law-abiding peaceable class, we find them, as might be expected from their social condition, the very contrary; and we can hardly expect more of them as the history of the world shows that large bodies of men emigrating from their native land to new countries, with no intention of remaining there, or of establishing social or domestic relations there, never feel the social or moral restraint of permanent citizens.

In the prisons of California there is a greater percentage of Chinese than of any other nationality; and this is not owing to race prejudice, for the experience of our courts teaches us that, owing to their almost absolute disregard of the sanctity of an oath, it is much more difficult to convict them than other criminals.

Again, in their communities, they practise many vices hitherto unknown to our civilization, which, from their novelty, attract the attention of our youths, many of whom adopt their vile practices. To-day nearly all of the white criminals of California practise all of the Chinese vices, opium-smoking and the others. Our asylums are being filled with victims of the practises of their peculiar civilization, and our prisons with themselves and the men who have been defiled by contact with them. We recognize their value as cheap laborers in the vineyard and in the fields. But we know that the money value of their labor to the employer in no wise compensates for the destruction of our young people and the impoverishment of our country.

Again, and for these reasons, because their competition is destructive to the rest of American labor, and because their social and domestic relations are at variance with our conception of what is best for society and best for the people, do we believe that their further immigration should be absolutely restricted; and this rule, in turn, should be applied to all other races against whom the same objections can be urged.

T. J. Geary.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

II.—THE KING OF ROARING CREEK.

"The great fault of story-tellers is their absurd struggle for striking effects," observed Jones, with a sententious air, after getting his second cigar well started. "Unless the average story-teller has something out of the way, or blood-curdling, or utterly impossible, he thinks he has nothing to relate at all. Hair-breadth escapes and marvellous encounters are not the only things in this world. The interesting lies all about us. Better a quiet tale well told than a story of shipwreck on the coast of lost Atlantis in the style of a Patent Office report. Genius, gentlemen, illumes the lowly and gilds the every-day with the splendor which rested on Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold."

"That's a very true observation, Jones," returned Jackson Peters. "Oddly enough, I was just on the point of relating a little incident which illustrates it to perfection. I was out in Kansas last fall on election day. It seems that in one precinct a woman had by mistake voted a receipt for currant-jelly instead of the regular ticket, and whensthe female inspectors of election came to it while counting the vote, they read it, and got into a dispute as to whether or not currant-jelly made by it would jell, and—"

"Come, come, Jackson, our friends here do not want to listen to any such stuff as this. You somehow fail to give to it that touch of genius for which you are so celebrated. Besides, I made those discriminating remarks of mine as a prelude to a humble tale of an experience of my own in Missouri."

"But, Jones," said Robinson, "you often relate the exciting and marvellous yourself."

"Certainly—when it is true. I am not afraid of the striking, or even the improbable, if it come within my experience, and I can vouch for each word of it. For instance, when I told you recently of how I once caught an escaped circus tiger by inducing him to put his tail through an auger-hole in a board fence, and then tying a knot in the tail, did I seem ill at ease? I think not. The more subdued incident which I started to relate happened to me when I had a store in a little backwoods Missouri town. I had not been open a week when one day a large, angular man with a protruding lower jaw came in and asked my prices on plug tobacco, revolver cartridges, bowie-knives, and bear-traps. He was a strikingly large man, probably six feet four, and must have weighed considerably over two hundred pounds. He was well proportioned, and seemed as quick and active as a cat. He carried a heavy pistol in a holster, and appeared irritable and captious. I gave him the figures he asked for, and also mentioned that I carried a full line of pocket-flasks, brass knuckles, and tools suitable for breaking jail. He listened, and then said: 'Podner, my name is Whipsaw Pepper, and I'm the King of Roaring Creek. I live up at the head of the creek, where the Old Giasticus sharpens his fangs on the bones of his dead. Everybody on Roaring Creek looks up to me and does as I says. They all trade at the store where I say, and I'm in the habit of getting my terbacker and things free for directing of 'em to a store. I'm willing to do this by you.' He stopped, and his hand rested lightly on the butt of his revolver. Gentlemen, I saw that my success in that neighborhood depended on my action. I laid down the dredge which I used for scratching dried apples out of a barrel, stepped around from behind the counter, and kicked Mr. Pepper heavily. Before he could express his surprise, either orally or Delsartely, I kicked him the whole length of the store, about ten feet at each kick, and through the front door, leaving a large, jagged hole in it. I then painted this sign, and put it on the front of my building:

> **Roaring Creek men are directed to buy their goods at this store. Those disobeying this order will be shot. Enter by the hole through which I kicked the Old Giasticus.**
> **JONES, King of Pike County.**

I had no further difficulty, and did a lively business for three years, my chief trade coming from the Roaring Creek settlement."

Jones paused and silently took a match from Smith's proffered box.

Robinson straightened up and said, "Jones, that was a good story."

"Thank you, Robinson, for saying so. Merely a plain account of what happened. But what would our condition now be had we listened to the depressing tale of my young friend here, Jackson Peters, of the lady who cast a curl-paper for Prohibition? Jackson is all right, but he is young yet. No man can be a good story-teller till he is fifty years old, and has had large experience in different parts of the world."

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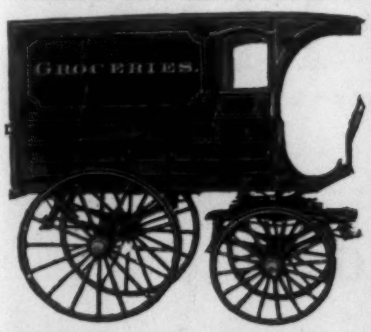

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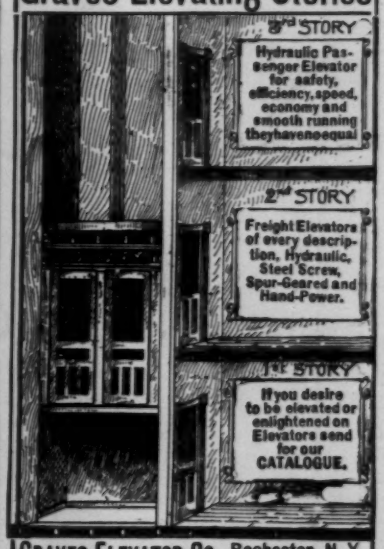
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and felicitous courtships are comparatively barren of marketable jokes. The jokists take gloomy views of human affection before and after marriage, not because they are against the institution or are personally embittered against either sex, but because the jokes come easier that way. Any one who doubts this explanation is invited to be convinced by the simple process of taking a suitable picture from one of the humorous papers and devising new jokes to fit it. If the jokes do not come easier and better on the hypothesis of conjugal disagreement than of mere conjugal affection, this explanation is at fault.

General Grant's birthday came in a crowded week this year, yet failed not to get distinguished recognition. Reputations of inferior size suffer from the attrition of time, but the great ones gain by accretion. Grant's fame seems to grow. It must have been about the time of his death (in 1885) that Augustine Birrell, in an essay on History, spoke of the prospect that the future historian, "whilst awarding the victor's palm to General Grant," would write kindly of the lost cause, "dear to a nobler and more chivalrous man, General Lee." That the historian will write kindly of General Lee is very probable, but that he will sustain Mr. Birrell's rating of Lee as "nobler and more chivalrous" than Grant seems somewhat less likely to-day than it did when Mr. Birrell suggested it. A winner recommends himself to our intellectual approval, a gallant loser to our sympathies. Grant, by reason of his success in war and his pathetic misfortunes afterwards, has a double hold on future readers, and seems destined to gain a composite regard of generations unborn analogous to that enjoyed by Burns or Scott. All estimates of him drawn (as possibly Mr. Birrell's was) before the close of the last year of his life will have to be revised.

"Totaled" is a word that a contributor to a May magazine permits himself. But when the concern that owns the magazine also owns the dictionary, what can one do?

It has long been observed that people who write stories about indigenous American life are curiously prone to bring in somebody from Bangor, Maine. The flavor of Maine is good in a book; and Bangor, besides being notably representative of Maine, is a name that sounds as well in a printed page as cymbals do in a brass band. The man (or the girl) from Bangor in the story is always an original character, in violent contrast with most of the other people in the book. It seems that there is originality in Bangor folks in real life. About ten days ago some Bangor boys became dissatisfied with the conduct of one of their number, and felt it necessary to discipline him. Did they thrash him? No. A patent-medicine man had been through the town distributing samples of pills. Those boys collected as many boxes of those pills as they could find, choked their young compatriot's mouth open, emptied all the pills into him, and fled. The account says that the doctors "hope to be able to save the boy's life," and it is to be hoped that they may. Why the lives of the other boys should be saved does not appear, unless it is that they may grow up to aid in making future American fiction stranger and more diabolical than truth.

The gentleman who was lately appointed Third Assistant Secretary of State was described in the contemporary press as "a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, having been a member of the class of '79." This is a misleading description. Mr. Strobel may have graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1879, but that fact is of very little consequence compared with another, namely, that he graduated from Harvard College in the ambitious and exhilarating class of 1877. A man's associations in a professional school are usually of minor importance compared with those he forms in college. While he is studying his profession he is pretty busy, for one thing, and has not much leisure to assimilate the various influences that surround him. Moreover, he has usually reached an age when his character is less plastic than it has been, so that for various reasons he seldom becomes closely identified with the men about him. But to have been a member of a really important class in a great college is an accident which often has life-long results. To have belonged to the Harvard class of '29 or the Yale class of '53 is not only a distinction, but can hardly have failed to be a practical advantage to the men of those years. The ties between classmates are singularly lasting, and where there are enough men of exceptional ability in any class to set the pace, the obligation to keep up to it is a perceptible stimulus to the other members. A Harvard man of '29 or a Yale man of '53 who is not or was not an eminent poet, or a distinguished judge, or a famous lawyer, or something out of the common run, must always have felt that he lagged a little behind his fellows, and was bound to do his utmost to catch up. The Harvard class of '77 is too young yet to match records with those older aggregations, yet it bristles too precociously with Governors, mayors, judges, and persons of miscellaneous notoriety, to be a class with which the connection of a rising diplomat like Mr. Strobel should be ignored.

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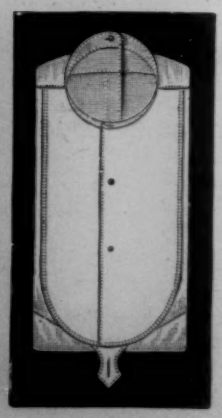

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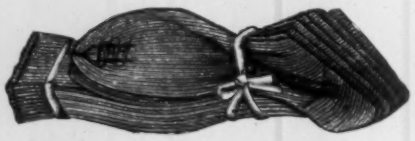

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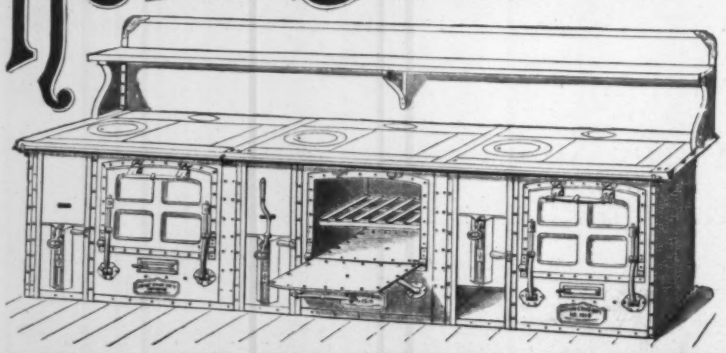

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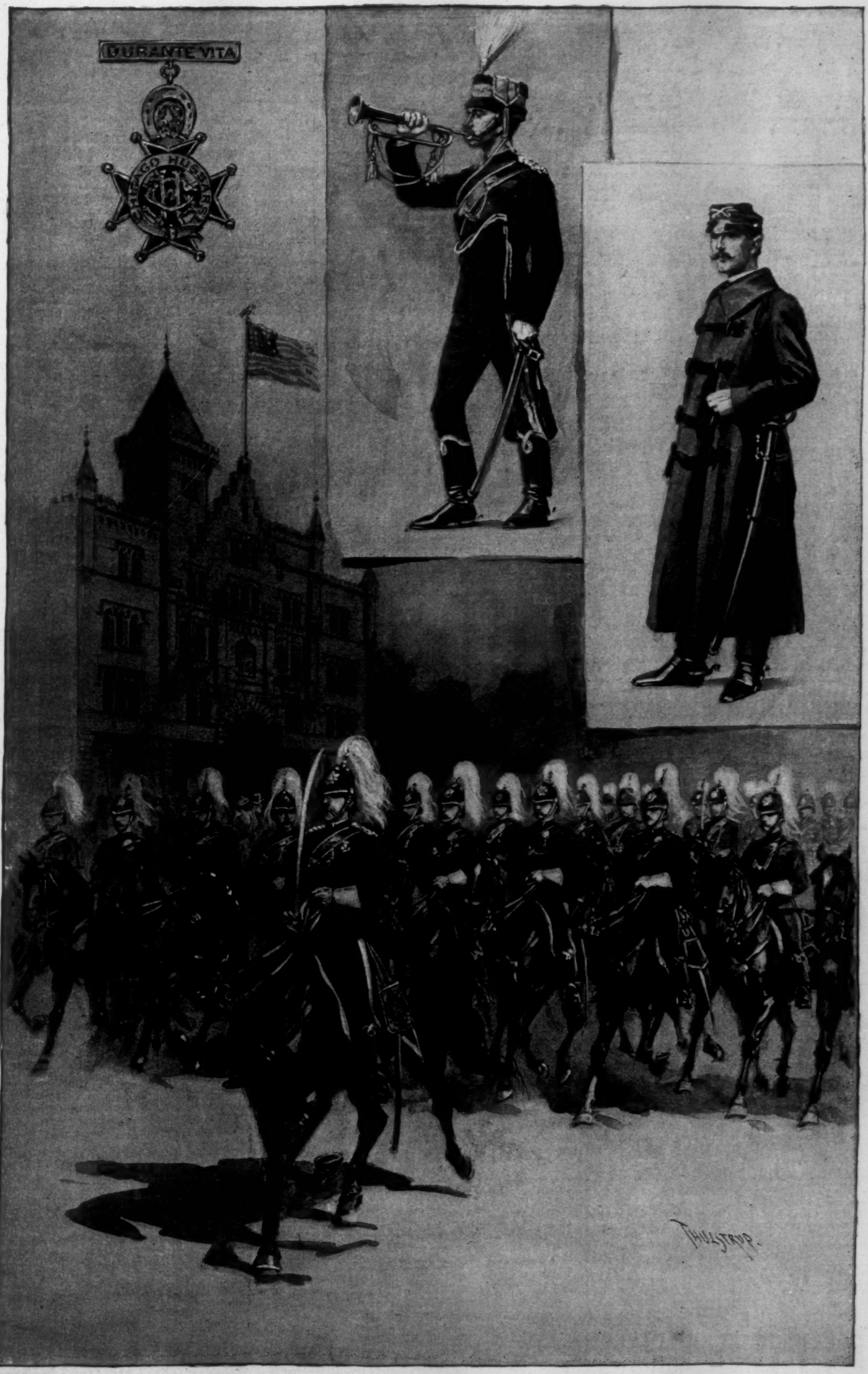

THE CHICAGO HUSSARS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 443.]
Escort to the Presidential Party at the Opening of the Columbian Exposition.

AMATEVR SPORT

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PURCHASE OF *Volunteer* by Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes, with the intention of changing her back to sloop rig, has naturally enough created considerable curiosity as to his motive. According to the ruling of the *America* Cup Committee, *Volunteer* cannot be chosen to defend the cup, because, as she exceeds the limit of length, the heavy handicap of double-time allowance for such excess would be too much for her to carry; and even were this otherwise, Commodore Forbes is too progressive a yachtsman to imagine for an instant that science in naval architecture has not left *Volunteer* minutes astern in a fleet of yachts of the present year. But in another way *Volunteer* may be of great assistance in the coming contest. She can, and in all probability will, be used as a trial boat for the prospective cup-defenders, and her presence in the preliminary racing will add increased interest to these contests, while the comparison will give a known standard from which to judge the new yachts. We shall see how much progress has been made in the last few years, and on the other side we shall know how much Watson, Loper, and Fife have improved on *Thistle*. By comparing the racing on the two sides of the water a good estimate of the result can be made. These are probably in part the motives behind the purchase of *Volunteer*.

THE PREDICTION IN THIS DEPARTMENT three weeks ago that the Harvard-Yale track athletic games May 13th would be the most hotly contested of the series seems likely to be fulfilled. Since then the old men have been getting into form, and the "unknown quantities" in some instances have developed into very good material indeed. The new men in the sprints have put some very good trials to their credit, Bennett of Yale having done .10⅕ and .51 the same afternoon in the 100 and 440; Richards, also Yale, running close second in 100, and winning 220 on a heavy track and in rain in .22⅘. Harvard's sprinters have likewise been up and doing, Whittren covering the 100 in .10⅘, and Merrill (the quarter-miler) the 220 in .22⅘. Neither Captain Thompson, of Harvard, nor Captain Jones, of Yale, have competed openly, but both have done the 100 in .10⅘, and each is getting into form slowly. Merrill is one of those athletes who is always in condition, and can be depended upon in a race.

Yale will probably rely on S. Scoville to win the half. He won it at the games in 2.06⅘ after he had made a mile in 4.39, and is altogether the best man of the lot. Harvard has J. Corbin, who has been keeping dark (he was second to Turner at Intercollegiates in 1.59⅘ last year); Lakin, who did recently 2.04⅘; and Hubbell, an improving man.

Harvard's end of the quarter will be taken care of by Bingham and Brewer (for Merrill will, in all probability, be reserved for the 220), and they are strong men. The former did .51⅘ at the spring games, and the latter in condition is believed good for .50.

The mile run will be very warm. Morgan, Yale's new man, did 4.37 in the rain at the college games, and if the first quarter had not been misjudged would probably have done about 4.32⅘; and three days later, on a flooded track, did 4.38, taking the extreme outer edge the entire distance. Harvard has Fenton and Blake. The former won at class games in 4.39, and has a very long and powerful stride. They ran the first half much too slow, but Fenton gave a fine exhibition of sprinting in the last half, doing it in 64 seconds. Blake, who was second, will improve very much as the weather gets warmer, while Fenton is hard to keep in condition. It would not be surprising to see him run the faster on the 13th. Nicols has just begun training, and can hardly get in form before last of month.

BOTH OF YALE'S WALKERS have broken the college record of 7.18⅘—Wight, 7.06, and Bunnell a yard behind; neither Endicott nor Bardeen, of Harvard, has touched that mark. It will be a great race between Lyman (Yale) and Shead (Harvard) in the high hurdle; the former won the event last year, but Shead is doing better this year than ever before, and has covered the distance in .16⅕; unless he improves on that, however, it will not be fast enough. Van Ingen would be one of the best hurdles, high or low, Yale has ever turned out, if he had a little more "sand"; his form is very good. He should be good for a place in the high, and ought to take second to Eaton (Yale) in the low, unless Garcelon (Harvard), who has been getting close to 26 seconds, should press him, in which case he will drop back. Eaton has been ill, but will probably be in shape.

Yale will have better representation in the jumps than ever before. Sheldon, with a stone-bruised heel, has cleared 21.7⅘ in the broad, and will touch 22 feet before losing; in the high, his best is 5 ft. 8. Bloss of Harvard is jumping in great form; he recently did 22ft. 2⅕ in the broad; with Shead, 20 ft. 7. On the high Harvard has Sherwin with 5 ft. 10 to his credit, and 10 ft. 5⅘ in the pole vault. This last event should be Yale's, with Cartwright, Hart, and Rice, though Sherwin is doing well, while the Yale men are not in form. Pole-vaulting is a most uncertain game. All the points in the hammer belong to Yale, Hickok having recently made the world's record of 112 ft. 9 in. with wire handle, and a collegiate record of 111 ft. 11⅘ in. with a wooden handle; then there are Stillman and Cross, both better than any man Harvard has.

Shea (Harvard) really ought to win the shot; but the chances are good that Lyman and Hickok (Yale), both with poorer records, will beat him.

Both teams are in fine condition, and if the day is clear some new college records are certain to be made.

THE FIRST ATHLETIC MEETING of the two California universities, Berkeley and Leland Stanford, Junior, was held on the Olympic Athletic Club grounds in San Francisco, April 22d. That Berkeley would win was expected, but to make 91 points in the fourteen events to Stanford's 35 was not only a surprise, but robbed the meeting of much interest, since frequently the contests were too one-sided to furnish much sport. It had been expected, too, that several new coast records would be made, but a somewhat heavy track and a strong wind dead against the sprinters made the field events the only ones in which anything of the kind could be attained, and in this a hammer performance of 86 feet 8 inches, thrown for the first time under the intercollegiate rules, established a new record.

Stanford's very weak showing in the field and hurdle events was noticeable; they secured only four points in the former and no place in the latter. They did shine, however, brilliantly in the quarter and 100 yards. In the former, Maynard ran in 52 seconds without being pressed at any point, finishing the last hundred yards strongly in the teeth of the wind. He is a good athlete, and gives much promise for the future. Bernhard's 10⅗ seconds in the 100 yards was exceptionally good, as the wind blew strongly in his face. Once again, and for the last time, Stanford shone when Edwards won the bicycle event in 6 minutes 18 seconds, which, considering the 6-lap track and the wind, was an excellent performance.

Stanford made so poor a showing because their athletes lacked training. It is remarkable that with all the elaborate buildings at Palo Alto there should be no shower-baths in the gymnasium, without which the athletes lose the great benefit of a "rub down" after exercise. Their facilities for getting into condition are by no means so good as those of the Berkeley men, where the arrangements are much more complete.

Neither of the colleges has a trainer, however, such as we have in the East. Considering which, and the further fact that seventy-five per cent. of the athletes were inexperienced, the performances at this first meeting must be considered very good. The table below is interesting as comparing Eastern and Western college records.

Event.	Winner.	Performance.	Intercollegiate Record.
100 yards...	J. B. Bernhard, L.S.U....	10⅗ sec.	10 sec.
220 yards...	Edwin Mays, U. of C. ...	24⅕ sec.	21⅘ sec.
440 yards...	R.H.S.Parkhurst, U. of C.	52 sec.	49½ sec.
880 yards...	F. S. Pheby, U. of C.....	2 min. 05⅖ sec.	1 min. 57⅕ sec.
Mile run ...	W. H. Powell, U. of C....	4 min. 51⅖ sec.	4 min. 29⅘ sec.
Mile walk .	H. R. Timm, L.S.U.	7 min. 25⅖ sec.	7 min. 06⅘ sec.
120 hurdle..	R. B. Hoffman, U. of C..	17⅘ sec.	15⅘ sec.
220 hurdle..	B. F. Miller, U. of C.....	28⅕ sec.	25⅕ sec.
Bicycle	W. J. Edwards, L.S.U. ..	6 min. 18 sec.	6 min. ⅘ sec.
High jump..	F. W. Koch, U. of C.....	5 ft. 6¾ in.	6 ft.
Broad jump	C. H. Woolsey, U. of C...	21 ft. 7 in.	22 ft. 11¼ in.
Shot	L. E. Hunt, U. of C.	36 ft. 10 in.	40 ft. 9½ in.
Hammer ...	L. E. Hunt, U. of C.	86 ft. 8 in.	107 ft. 7½ in.
Pole vault..	G. J. Hoffman, U. of C...	10 ft.	10 ft. 9¼ in.

PRINCETON'S "FIFTY PER CENT." IMPROVEMENT over last year, mentioned in this department last week, was surely not *en évidence* on Saturday, when Harvard won the first game of the baseball series by a score of 7–0. It seems impossible to speculate with any degree of certainty on Princeton's chances in match games from the form shown in practice. They have been doing excellent work right along, batting fairly well, running bases in fine shape, and fielding beautifully. But in the game with Harvard their few hits were so scattered as to be of no value, the base-running was poor, and there was some very bad work in the in-field. From first to last the Princeton nine appeared to be weak in the knees, its work uncertain. Otto, on first, and Payne, right-field, are about the only ones who escape criticism; neither of them can bat a little bit, but both fielded their positions beautifully, the latter making a fine catch of a difficult fly. The battery was weak to a degree, though a reasonable excuse can be found for that, as neither man was in condition. Drake is hardly over an attack of the grip, which, together with a weak arm, made his work extremely mediocre; it was listless and fairly good by turns. Trenchard strained his arm in the first inning, when Cook tried to reach the home plate and was headed off by Woodcock's great throw from centre-field, and ever afterward his throwing was so weak the Harvard men stole second with impunity. His lame arm, however, did not excuse muffing third strikes and passed balls, in which two particulars he has been considered strong. King's batting was of little value. When he did hit the ball it sailed into the air, and into the hands of Harvard's out-fielders. A man might just as well strike out as pop up flies, and Princeton has always needed coaching in keeping down what hits she got. Neither was King's base-running up to his standard; he should have got home while Mackenzie was dodging between Harvard's first and second basemen.

GUNSTER AT THIRD HANDLED HIMSELF more like the freshman he is than the veteran he was said to emulate. Brooks at short acted as if he was trying to catch a chicken rather than a baseball; his throwing was bad, and his base-running far from what had been expected of him, or what he can do. His three-bagger did not make amends for his four errors. Mackenzie fielded as well as usual, but his base-running was poor, and why he, a strong batter, should attempt to bunt when there was no occasion for it was incomprehensible. Woodcock's dropping a fly and being nipped on second was the most surprising among the lot of blunders, as he is really a good ball-player, and knows his business. He had evidently closed up shop Saturday. The entire nine acted green, and more as if it hailed from a preparatory school than a 'varsity. It did not play ball in a dozen ways that there is no space here to specify, and if it does not take a big brace it won't win a game from either Harvard, Yale, or University of Pennsylvania.

OF HARVARD IT MAY BE TRULY SAID every man played ball with the exception of Cook on third, who seemed to be more or less of the time in the Land of Nod. He is too slow for that base, which should really have one of the quickest men on the team. Sullivan is brilliant, but his efforts to shine now and again get him into the error column. There was no excuse for his wretched throw to Trafford. With these two exceptions, every man played his game, from Hallowell in the centre-field to Joe Upton behind the bat, where he did great work. Frothingham did some notable base-running. Wiggins's work in the box was steady and heady, and he held Princeton down to about four scattered hits. He struck out four and Drake three men, giving three base on balls to Drake's four.

Comparing Harvard with either Yale or Princeton, it must be remembered that the Cambridge nine is composed of veteran ball-players, and almost every one a star. With the material they have the nine should be playing perfect ball by June, and ought to finish the season winners in every series.

WHILE ONE OR TWO OF THE HARVARD NINE are a trifle too eager to get at the ball, there is no question that they are the most likely team on the college field this season to do good batting at some point of the game off any pitcher they will meet. Carter will be their hardest trial, but from the way in which, after feeling about more or less for several innings, they finally found Sexton, suggests they will bunch some hits on Carter before nine innings are over. After the Harvard-Brown and Yale-Brown games, Carter must be rated as the college pitcher most difficult to find. The professionals have already admitted his wonderful ability, and such speed as he possesses is always far more serviceable against college batsmen than against the professionals. His record against Brown was remarkable. These men from Providence have been together several seasons, play a strong team game, and are acknowledged heavy hitters. Of 28 men who went to bat for Brown, 18 struck out, and not until the 9th inning did a man reach first base. Carter has all the requisites of a pitcher—clear head, speed, and control—his most effective ball being an overhand "jump," though this he varies with a deceptive drop. Were he a smaller man his speed would not seem so terrific, but he literally swoops down on the batter at the plate, who gets a confused impression of a seven-foot man hurling a meteor at him.

WITH CARTER IN THE BOX the Yale nine is strong, and without him would be much easier prey. The in-field is not improving, and is just about as slow as last week. There is no exception among the four men. Stephenson is big, and is perhaps the best of the lot; he is sure, though by no means a brilliant player—his build is not that of a nimble man. Hedges and Rustin are both thick-legged chaps of the stolid variety, and the latter's game at third seems rather indifferent. Bliss has not yet overcome his out-field slowness of motion, but he is throwing better, and beginning to cover more ground. There are still too many gaps for ground hits, as the men are not quick enough to close up on a sharp drive. Stephenson is hitting well; Rustin is falling off. Hedges shows promise, has a good position, and should be a hitter when he acquires a little more experience. Bliss gets in an occasional long drive, but is not a steady hitter, and his average is not high. He handles his team well, however. Kedzie and Greenway are holding Carter well, but in a big game, when Carter lets himself out and has to pitch to corners, it is doubtful if either would get through without a passed ball. Case and Speer are fielding well, and their batting is above the average. Case is the more reliable, but Speer gets in a hard one when the pitcher puts the ball just where he wants it.

BIGELOW IS A STRAPPING BIG FELLOW, and although a little slow, is a driver when he meets the ball squarely. If Carter would not try to hit so hard, and bear in mind that an occasional long fly is not so productive as a hit over the infield, he could make himself much more valuable with the stick. Indeed, there is more promise of batting than has been displayed in Yale nines for the last two years. In base-running both Harvard and Princeton are superior, Beall being about the only first class man in that respect on the team. The men are slow to a marked degree, and show very little inclination to improve, nor are they clever in taking their chances. Yale's out-field is well cared for, and there is abundant material. Beall is still disabled by rheumatism, and Bigelow is filling his place at centre very acceptably, and has improved rapidly in his batting and general knowledge of the game. Speer will undoubtedly play in right-field; his general improvement has been marked, and he handles himself now like a ball-player. With the present material in good working condition, Greenway will hardly be needed in the out-field. The team played two errorless games last week, winning from both Brown and University of Pennsylvania, and has every promise of giving a good account of itself in the Princeton and Harvard series.

THE BROWN NINE, with Sexton and Tenny, is strong. Weeks is as quick and reliable a first-baseman as has covered that bag on any college nine for years. His remarkable one-hand catch in the Yale game was no grand-stand play, but good ball. Stern covers short well, but McGill and Jones are not quick enough on thrown balls. McGill lost George a good assist by muffing that player's pretty throw from centre in the Yale game. Gillon deserved his final base hit, because he had been working up to it all the game, being the only man who seemed able to judge Carter's delivery at all. In the Harvard game, Sexton found Wiggin, and so did a few others, but it was only in one inning that they bunched their hits at all.

THE LATENESS OF THE DAY makes extended comment on the recent horse show of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club impossible, and it is only intended to here note the sportsmanship of the club's members, and to commend it to the consideration of other cities. That this club, with its barely four hundred members, should have made such an excellent showing of horseflesh from its own stables, speaks loudly of the great strides we have been making in the last few years in the improvement of man's best friend. The exhibition extended over three nights, and the classes were very nicely filled. It would be hypercritical to pick flaws in a first attempt that showed on every side the earnest endeavor of sportsmen to improve a field so worthily represented. There was some exceptionally good stock shown, especially by Mr. F. D. Beard, and the general form in driving and of traps was good enough to encourage the gentlemen who have made so excellent a beginning. There are riding and driving clubs in very many of the cities in this country, and there is no surer way of their improving their horseflesh than by following the example of the Brooklyn club.

THE YALE SHELL HAS ROLLED almost as much the past week as it did the previous one, but not exactly from the same cause. Week before last it came about to a large extent from changing the men around in the boat and from their more or less uneven work. The past week it has been caused chiefly by the rough water. The weather has been most unpropitious for rowing, the water being so continually rough that the crew could take only short pulls. Consequently it was difficult to tell from the shore, with the boat bobbing up and down, just how much improvement has been made. Naturally the rough water would develop a tendency in the men to recover high, leaving the blades too much above the water on the full reach instead of close to it; but this is really immaterial. The swing of the crew is certainly more even and more uniform than last week, and the grip on the water is held better by all the men except Messler, who cannot seem to keep his blade from washing out at the finish.

Van Huyck is back at his old place again. Beard, who did some promising work the first of the season, is crossed off the 'varsity list definitely, and now rowing on his class crew. This leaves, besides the regular eight—Gallaudet, Ives, Paine, Goetchius, Longacre, Van Huyck, Messler, and Johnson—Rogers, Folger, and Howland. The first and last are likely to be the two substitutes to go to New London, Rogers because he is a better man than Folger, and Howland because he is a finished oar, though not a strong one, and a good substitute stroke to relieve Gallaudet at times.

Under John Roger's careful coaching Saturday before last, the crew acquired a little of the dash it lacked. Hartwell took hold of the crew last Wednesday.

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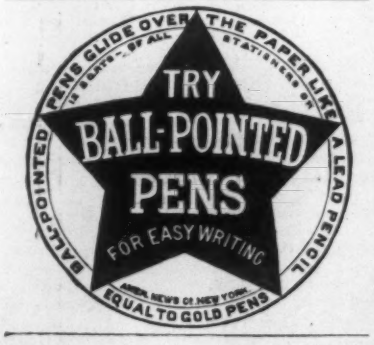

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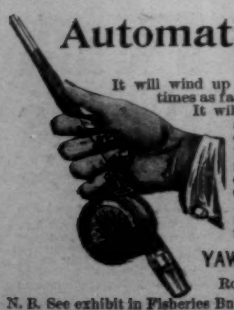

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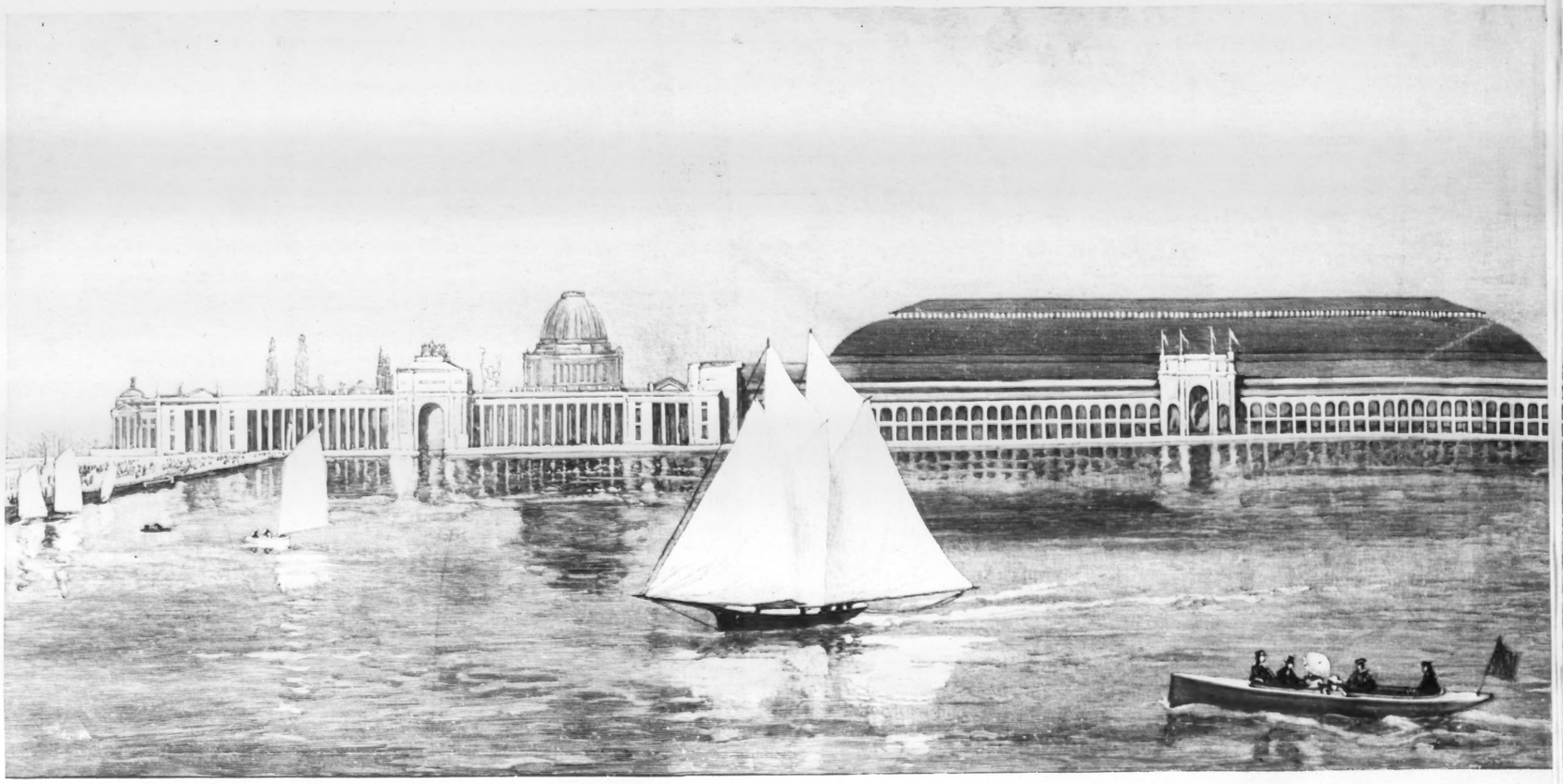

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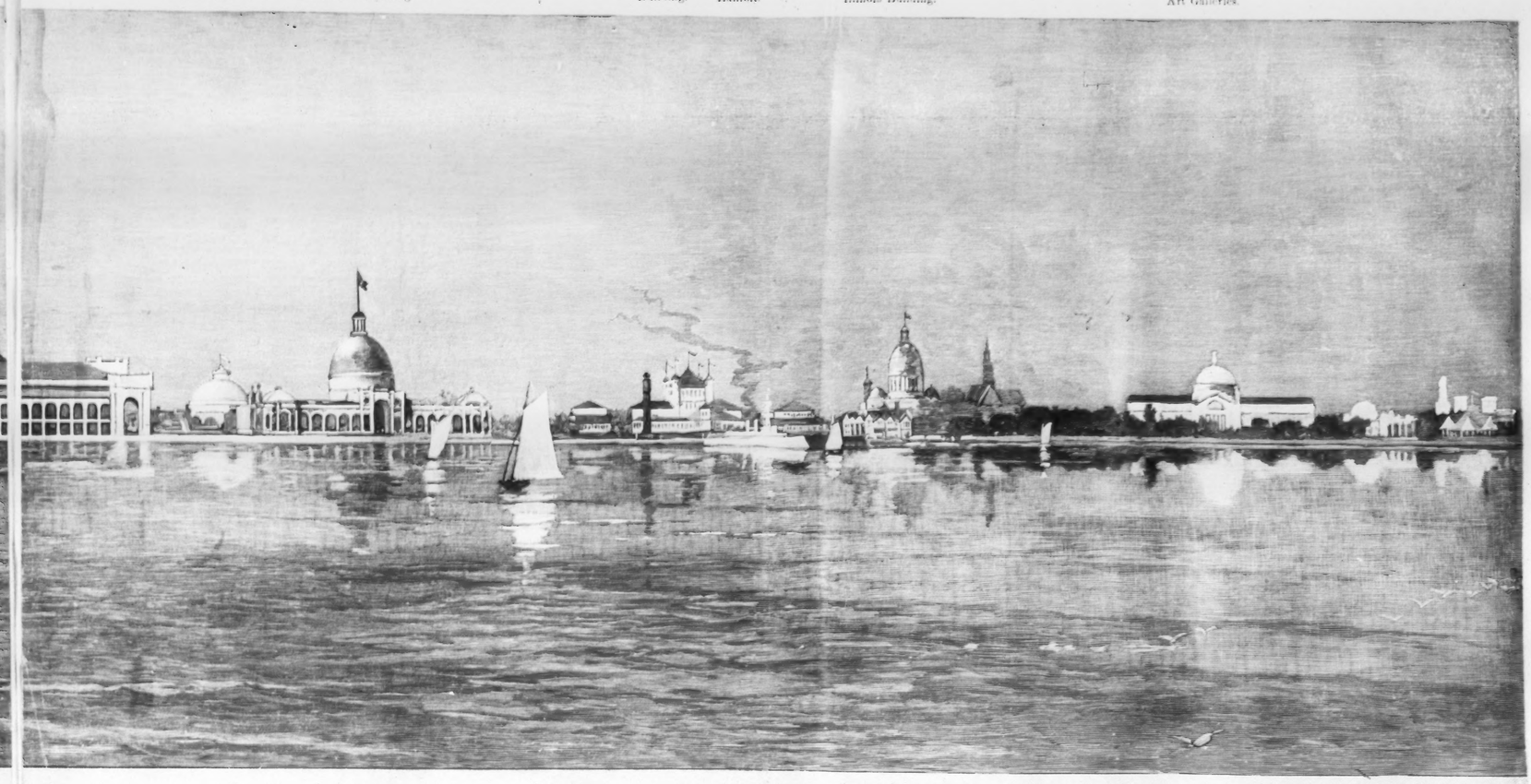

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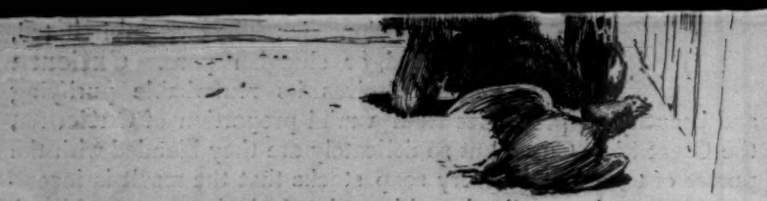

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

AN anomaly which often struck me in the character of my friend Sherlock Holmes was that although in his methods of thought he was the neatest and most methodical of mankind, and although also he affected a certain quiet primness of dress, he was none the less in his personal habits one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction. Not that I am in the least conventional in that respect myself. The rough-and-tumble work in Afghanistan, coming on the top of a natural bohemianism of disposition, has made me rather more lax than befits a medical man. But with me there is a limit; and when I find a man who keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe end of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very centre of his wooden mantel-piece, then I begin to give myself virtuous airs. I have always held, too, that pistol practice should be distinctly an open-air pastime; and when Holmes, in one of his queer humors, would sit in an arm-chair with his hair-trigger and a hundred Boxer cartridges, and proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a patriotic V. R. done in bullet-pocks, I felt strongly that neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of our room was improved by it.

Our chambers were always full of chemicals and of criminal relics, which had a way of wandering into unlikely positions, and of turning up in the butter-dish, or in even less desirable places. But his papers were my great *crux*. He had a horror of destroying documents, especially those which were connected with his past cases. And yet it was only once in every year or two that he would muster energy to docket and arrange them; for, as I have mentioned somewhere in these incoherent memoirs, the outbursts of passionate energy when he performed the remarkable feats with which his name is associated were followed by reactions of lethargy, during which he would lie about with his violin and his books, hardly moving save from the sofa to the table. Thus month after month his papers accumulated, until every corner of the room was stacked with bundles of manuscript, which were on no account to be burned, and which could not be put away save by their owner. One winter's night, as we sat together by the fire, I ventured to suggest to him that as he had finished pasting extracts into his commonplace book, he might employ the next two hours in making our room a little more habitable. He could not deny the justice of my request; so, with a rather rueful face, he went off to his bedroom, from which he returned presently, pulling a large tin box behind him. This he placed in the middle of the floor, and squatting down in front of it, he threw back the lid. I could see that it was a third full of bundles of paper, tied up with red tape into separate packages.

"There are cases enough here, Watson," said he, looking at me with mischievous eyes. "I think that if you knew all that I had in this box, you would ask me to pull some out instead of putting others in."

"These are the records of your early work, then?" I asked. "I have often wished that I had notes of those cases."

"Yes, my boy, these were all done prematurely before my biographer had come to glorify me." He lifted bundle after bundle in a tender, caressing sort of way. "They are not all successes, Watson," said he. "But there are some pretty little problems among them. Here's the record of the Tarleton murders, and the case of Vamberry the wine-merchant, and the adventure of the old Russian woman, and the singular affair of the aluminium crutch, as well as a full account of Ilicoletti of the club-foot, and his abominable wife. And here—ah, now, this really is something a little *recherché*."

He dived his arm down to the bottom of the chest, and brought up a small wooden box with a sliding lid, such as children's toys are kept in. From within he produced a crumpled piece of paper, an old-fashioned brass key, a peg of wood with a ball of string attached to it, and three rusty old disks of metal.

"Well, my boy, what do you make of this lot?" he asked, smiling at my expression.

"It is a curious collection."

"Very curious; and the story that hangs round it will strike you as being more curious still."

"These relics have a history, then?"

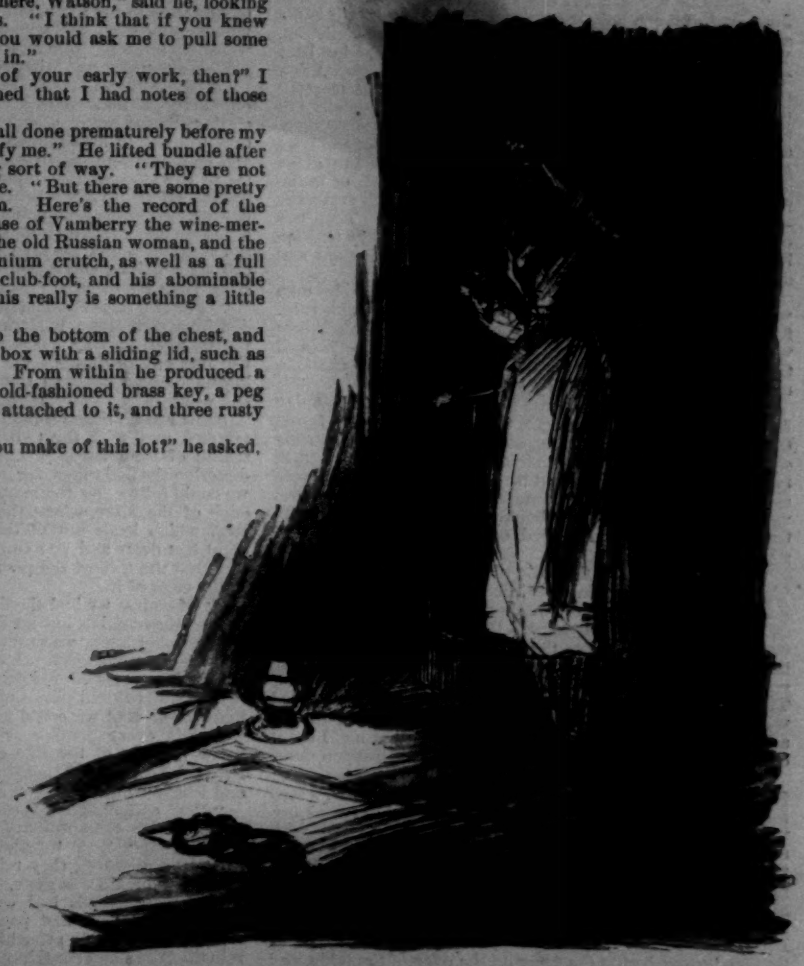
"So much so that they *are* history."

"What do you mean by that?"

Sherlock Holmes picked them up one by one and laid them along the edge of the table. Then he reseated himself in his chair and looked them over with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"These," said he, "are all that I have left to remind me of the adventure of the Musgrave Ritual."

I had heard him mention the case more than once,



"STILL CLUTCHING AT HER TREASURE-TROVE."

"HE BEGAN TO STUDY IT WITH MINUTE ATTENTION."

though I had never been able to gather the details. "I should be so glad," said I, "if you would give me an account of it."

"And leave the litter as it is?" he cried, mischievously. "Your tidiness won't bear much strain, after all, Watson. But I should be glad that you should add this case to your annals, for there are points in it which make it quite unique in the criminal records of this or, I believe, of any other country. A collection of my trifling achievements would certainly be incomplete which contained no account of this very singular business.

"You may remember how the affair of the *Gloria Scott* and my conversation with the unhappy man whose fate I told you of first turned my attention in the direction of the profession which has become my life's work. You see me now, when my name has become known far and wide, and when I am generally recognized both by the public and by the official force as being a final court of appeal in doubtful cases. Even, when you knew me first, at the time of the affair which you have commemorated in 'A Study in Scarlet,' I had already established a considerable, though not a very lucrative, connection. You can hardly realize, then, how difficult I found it at first, and how long I had to wait before I succeeded in making any headway.

"When I first came up to London I had rooms in Montague Street, just round the corner from the British Museum, and there I waited, filling in my too abundant leisure time by studying all those branches of science which might make me more efficient. Now and again cases came in my way, principally through the introduction of old fellow-students; for during my last years at the university there was a good deal of talk there about myself and my methods. The third of these cases was that of the Musgrave Ritual, and it is to the interest which was aroused by that singular chain of events, and the larger issues which proved to be at stake, that I trace my first stride towards the position which I now hold.

"Reginald Musgrave had been in the same college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. He was not generally popular among the undergraduates, though it always seemed to me that what was set down as pride was really an attempt to cover extreme natural diffidence. In appearance he was a man of an exceedingly aristocratic type—thin, high-nosed, and large-eyed, with languid and yet courtly manners. He was, indeed, a scion of one of the very oldest families in the kingdom, though his branch was a cadet one which had separated from the northern Musgraves some time in the sixteenth century, and had established itself in western Sussex, where the manor-house of Hurlstone is perhaps the oldest inhabited building in the county. Something of his birthplace seemed to cling to the man, and I never looked at his pale keen face or the poise of his head without associating him with gray archways and mullioned windows, and all the venerable wreckage of a feudal keep. Once or twice we drifted into talk, and I can remember that more than once he expressed a keen interest in my methods of observation and inference.

"For four years I had seen nothing of him, until one morning he walked into my room in Montague Street. He had changed little, was dressed like a young man of fashion—he was always a bit of a dandy—and preserved the same quiet, suave manner which had formerly distinguished him.

"'How has all gone with you, Musgrave?' I asked, after we had cordially shaken hands.

"'You probably heard of my poor father's death,' said he. 'He was carried off about two years ago. Since then I have, of course, had the Hurlstone estates to manage, and as I am member for my district as well, my life has been a busy one. But I understand, Holmes, that you are turning to practical ends those powers with which you used to amaze us.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I have taken to living by my wits.'

"'I am delighted to hear it, for your advice at present would be exceedingly valuable to me. We have had some very strange doings at Hurlstone, and the police have been able to throw no light upon the matter. It is really the most extraordinary and inexplicable business.'

"You can imagine with what eagerness I listened to him, Watson, for the very chance for which I had been panting during all those months of inaction seemed to have come within my reach. In my innermost heart I believed that I could succeed where others failed, and now I had the opportunity to test myself.

"'Pray let me have the details,' I cried.

"Reginald Musgrave sat down opposite to me, and lit the cigarette which I had pushed towards him.

"'You must know,' said he, 'that though I am a bachelor, I have to keep up a considerable staff of servants at Hurlstone, for it is a rambling old place, and takes a good deal of looking after. I preserve, too, and in the pheasant months I usually have a house party, so that it would not do to be short-handed. Altogether there are eight maids, the cook, the butler, two footmen, and a boy. The garden and the stables, of course, have a separate staff.

"'Of these servants the one who had been longest in our service was Brunton the butler. He was a young schoolmaster out of place when he was first taken up by my father; but he was a man of great energy and character, and he soon became quite invaluable in the household. He was a well-grown, handsome man, with a splendid forehead, and though he has been with us for twenty years, he cannot be more

than forty now. With his personal advantages and his extraordinary gifts—for he can speak several languages and play nearly every musical instrument—it is wonderful that he should have been satisfied so long in such a position; but I suppose that he was comfortable, and lacked energy to make any change. The butler of Hurlstone is always a thing that is remembered by all who visit us.

"'But this paragon has one fault. He is a bit of a Don Juan, and you can imagine that for a man like him it is not a very difficult part to play in a quiet country district. When he was married it was all right, but since he has been a widower we have had no end of trouble with him. A few months ago we were in hopes that he was about to settle down again, for he became engaged to Rachel Howells, our second house-maid; but he has thrown her over since then, and taken up with Janet Tregellis, the daughter of the head game-keeper. Rachel, who is a very good girl, but of an excitable Welsh temperament, had a sharp touch of brain-fever, and goes about the house now—or did until yesterday—like a black-eyed shadow of her former self. That was our first drama at Hurlstone, but a second one came to drive it from our minds, and it was prefaced by the disgrace and dismissal of butler Brunton.

"'This was how it came about: I have said that the man was intelligent, and this very intelligence has caused his ruin, for it seems to have led to an insatiable curiosity about things which did not in the least concern him. I had no idea of the lengths to which this curiosity would carry him until the merest accident opened my eyes to it.

"'I have said that the house is a rambling one. One day last week—on Thursday night, to be more exact—I found that I could not sleep, having foolishly taken a cup of strong *café noir* after my dinner. After struggling against it until two in the morning, I felt that it was quite hopeless, so I rose and lit the candle, with the intention of continuing a novel which I was reading. The book, however, had been left in the billiard-room, so I pulled on my dressing-gown and started off to get it.

"'In order to reach the billiard-room I had to descend a flight of stairs, and then cross the head of a passage which led to the library and the gun-room. You can imagine my surprise when, as I looked down this corridor, I saw a glimmer of light coming from the open door of the library. I had myself extinguished the lamp and closed the door before going to bed. Naturally my first thought was of burglars. The corridors at Hurlstone have their walls largely decorated with trophies of old weapons. From one of these I picked a battle-axe, and then, leaving my candle behind me, I crept on tiptoe down the passage, and peeped in at the open door.

"'Brunton, the butler, was in the library. He was sitting, fully dressed, in an easy-chair, with a slip of paper, which looked like a map, upon his knee, and his forehead sunk forward upon his hand in deep thought. I stood, dumb with astonishment, watching him from the darkness. A small taper on the edge of the table shed a feeble light, which sufficed to show me that he was fully dressed. Suddenly, as I looked, he rose from his chair, and walking over to a bureau at the side, he unlocked it, and drew out one of the drawers. From this he took a paper, and, returning to his seat, he flattened it out beside the taper on the edge of the table, and began to study it with minute attention. My indignation at this calm examination of our family documents overcame me so far that I took a step forward, and Brunton, looking up, saw me standing in the doorway. He sprang to his feet, his face turned livid with fear, and he thrust into his breast the chartlike paper which he had been originally studying.

"'So!" said I. "This is how you repay the trust which we have reposed in you. You will leave my service to-morrow."

"'He bowed, with the look of a man who is utterly crushed, and slunk past me without a word. The taper was still on the table, and by its light I glanced to see what the paper was which Brunton had taken from the bureau. To my surprise, it was nothing of any importance at all, but simply a copy of the questions and answers in the singular old observance called the Musgrave Ritual. It is a sort of ceremony peculiar to our family, which each Musgrave for centuries past has gone through on his coming of age—a thing of private interest, and perhaps of some little importance to the archæologist, like our own blazonings and charges, but of no practical use whatever.'

"'We had better come back to the paper afterwards,' said I.

"'If you think it really necessary,' he answered, with some hesitation. 'To continue my statement, however: I relocked the bureau, using the key which Brunton had left, and I had turned to go when I was surprised to find that the butler had returned and was standing before me. "Mr. Musgrave, sir," he cried, in a voice which was hoarse with emotion, "I can't bear disgrace, sir. I've always been proud above my station in life, and disgrace would kill me. My blood will be on your head, sir—it will indeed—if you drive me to despair. If you cannot keep me after what has passed, then for God's sake let me give you notice and leave in a month, as if of my own free-will. I could stand that, Mr. Musgrave, but not to be cast out before all the folk that I know so well." "You don't deserve much consideration, Brunton," I answered. "Your conduct has been most infamous. However, as you have been a long time in the family, I have no wish to bring public disgrace upon you. A month, however, is too long. Take yourself away in a week, and give what reason you like for going." "Only a week, sir," he cried, in a despairing voice. "A fortnight—say at least a fortnight." "A week," I repeated, "and you may consider yourself to have been very leniently dealt with."

"'He crept away, his face sunk upon his breast like a broken man, while I put out the light and returned to my room.

"'For two days after this Brunton was most assiduous in his attention to his duties. I made no allusion to what had passed, and waited with some curiosity to see how he would cover his disgrace. On the third morning, however, he did not appear, as was his custom, after breakfast to receive my instructions for the day. As I left the dining-room I happened to meet Rachel Howells, the maid. I have told you that she had only recently recovered from an illness, and was looking so wretchedly pale and wan that I remonstrated with her for being at work. "You should be in bed," I said. "Come back to your duties when you are stronger." She looked at me with so strange an expression that I began to suspect that her brain was affected. "I am strong enough, Mr. Musgrave," said she. "We will see what the doctor says," I answered. "You must stop work now, and when you go down stairs just say that I wish to see Brunton." "The butler is gone," said she. "Gone! Gone where?" "He is gone. No one has seen him. He is not in his room. Oh yes, he is gone, he is gone!"

"'She fell back against the wall with shriek after shriek of laughter, while I, horrified at this sudden hysterical attack, rushed to the bell to summon help. The girl was taken to her room, still screaming and sobbing, while I made inquiries about Brunton. There was no doubt about it that he had disappeared. His bed had not been slept in; he had been seen by no one since he had retired to his room the night before; and yet it was difficult to see how he could have left the house, as both windows and doors were found to be fastened in the morning. His clothes, his watch, and even his money were in his room, but the black suit which he usually wore was missing. His slippers, too, were gone, but his boots were left behind. Where, then, could butler Brunton have gone in the night, and what could have become of him now?

"'Of course we searched the house from cellar to garret, but there was no trace of him. It is, as I have said, a labyrinth of an old house, especially the original wing, which is now practically uninhabited, but we ransacked every room and cellar without discovering the least sign of the missing man. It was incredible to me that he could have gone away leaving all his property behind him, and yet where could he be? I called in the local police, but without success. Rain had fallen on the night before, and we examined the lawn and the paths all round the house, but in vain. Matters were in this state, when a new development quite drew our attention away from the original mystery.

"'For two days Rachel Howells had been so ill, sometimes delirious, sometimes hysterical, that a nurse had been employed to sit up with her at night. On the third night after Brunton's disappearance, the nurse, finding her patient sleeping nicely, had dropped into a nap in the arm-chair, when she woke in the early morning to find the bed empty, the window open, and no signs of the invalid. I was instantly aroused, and, with the two footmen, started off at once in search of the missing girl. It was not difficult to tell the direction she had taken, for, starting from under her window, we could follow her footmarks easily across the lawn to the edge of the Mere, where they vanished close to the gravel path which leads out of the grounds. The lake there is eight feet deep, and you can imagine our feelings when we saw that the trail of the poor demented girl came to an end at the edge of it.

"'Of course we had the drags at once, and set to work to recover the remains, but no trace of the body could we find. On the other hand, we brought to the surface an object of a most unexpected kind. It was a linen bag which contained within it a mass of old rusted and discolored metal, and several dull colored pieces of pebble or glass. This strange find was all that we could get from the Mere, and although we made every possible search and inquiry yesterday, we know nothing of the fate either of Rachel Howells or of Richard Brunton. The county police are at their wits' end, and I have come up to you as a last resource.'

"You can imagine, Watson, with what eagerness I listened to this extraordinary sequence of events, and endeavored to piece them together, and to devise some common thread upon which they might all hang. The butler was gone. The maid was gone. The maid had loved the butler, but had afterwards had cause to hate him. She was of Welsh blood, fiery and passionate. She had been terribly excited immediately after his disappearance. She had flung into the lake a bag containing some curious contents. These were all factors which had to be taken into consideration, and yet none of them got quite to the heart of the matter. What was the starting-point of this chain of events? There lay the end of this tangled line.

"'I must see that paper, Musgrave,' said I, 'which this butler of yours thought it worth his while to consult, even at the risk of the loss of his place.'

"'It is rather an absurd business, this ritual of ours,' he answered. 'But it has at least the saving grace of antiquity to excuse it. I have a copy of the questions and answers here, if you care to run your eye over them.'

"He handed me the very paper which I have here, Watson, and this is the strange catechism to which each Musgrave had to submit when he came to man's estate. I will read you the questions and answers as they stand.

"'Whose was it?'

"'His who is gone.'

"'Who shall have it?'

"'He who will come.'

"'Where was the sun?'

"'Over the oak.'

"'Where was the shadow?'

"'Under the elm.'

"'How was it stepped?'

"'North by ten and by ten, east by five and by five, south by two and by two, west by one and by one, and so under.'

"'What shall we give for it?'

"'All that is ours.'

"'Why should we give it?'

"'For the sake of the trust.'

"'The original has no date, but is in the spelling of the middle of the seventeenth century,' remarked Musgrave. 'I am afraid, however, that it can be of little help to you in solving this mystery.'

"'At least,' said I, 'it gives us another mystery, and one which is even more interesting than the first. It may be that the solution of the one may prove to be the solution of the other. You will excuse me, Musgrave, if I say that your butler appears to me to have been a very clever man, and to have had a clearer insight than ten generations of his masters.'

"'I hardly follow you,' said Musgrave. 'The paper seems to me to be of no practical importance.'

"'But to me it seems immensely practical, and I fancy that Brunton took the same view. He had probably seen it before that night on which you caught him.'

"'It is very possible. We took no pains to hide it.'

"'He simply wished, I should imagine, to refresh his memory upon that last occasion. He had, as I understand, some sort of map or chart, which he was comparing with the manuscript, and which he thrust into his pocket when you appeared.'

"'That is true. But what could he have to do with this old family custom of ours, and what does this rigmarole mean?'

"'I don't think that we should have much difficulty in determining that,' said I. 'With your permission, we will take the first train down to Sussex and go a little more deeply into the matter upon the spot.'

"The same afternoon saw us both at Hurlstone. Possibly you have seen pictures and read descriptions of the famous old building, so I will confine my account of it to saying that it is built in the shape of an L, the long arm being the more modern portion, and the shorter the ancient nucleus from which the other has developed. Over the low heavy lintelled door in the centre of this old part is chiselled the date 1607, but experts are agreed that the beams and stonework are really much older than this. The enormously thick walls and tiny windows of this part had in the last century driven the family into building the new wing, and the old one was used now as a storehouse and a cellar when it was used at all. A splendid park with fine old timber surrounds the house, and the lake to which my client had referred lay close to the avenue, about two hundred yards from the building.

"I was already firmly convinced, Watson, that there were not three separate mysteries here, but only one; and that if I could read the Musgrave Ritual aright, I should hold in my hand the clew which would lead me to the truth concerning both the butler Brunton and the maid Howells. To that, then, I turned all my energies. Why should this servant be so anxious to master this old formula? Evidently because he saw something in it which had escaped all those generations of country squires, and from which he expected some personal advantage. What was it, then, and how had it affected his fate?

"It was perfectly obvious to me on reading the ritual that the measurements must refer to some spot to which the rest of the document alluded, and that if we could find that spot we should be in a fair way towards finding what the secret was which the old Musgraves had thought necessary to embalm in so curious a fashion. There were two guides given us to start with—an oak and an elm. As to the oak, there could be no question at all. Right in front of the house, upon the left-hand side of the drive, there stood a patriarch among oaks, one of the most magnificent trees that I have ever seen.

"'That was there when your ritual was drawn up,' said I, as we drove past it.

"'It was there at the Norman Conquest, in all probability,' he answered. 'It has a girth of twenty-three feet.'

"Here was one of my fixed points secured.

"'Have you any old elms?' I asked.

"'There used to be a very old one over yonder, but it was struck by lightning ten years ago, and we cut down the stump.'

"'You can see where it used to be?'

"'Oh yes.'

"'There are no other elms?'

"'No old ones, but plenty of beeches.'

"'I should like to see where it grew.'

"We had driven up in a dog-cart, and my client led me away at once, without our entering the house, to the scar on the lawn where the elm had stood. It was nearly midway between the oak and the house. My investigation seemed to be progressing.

"'I suppose it is impossible to find out how high the elm was?' I asked.

"'I can give you it at once. It was sixty-four feet.'

"'How do you come to know it?' I asked, in surprise.

"'When my old tutor used to give me an exercise in trigonometry it always took the shape of measuring heights. When I was a lad I worked out every tree and building in the estate.'

"This was an unexpected piece of luck. My data were coming more quickly than I could have reasonably hoped.

"'Tell me,' I asked, 'did your butler ever ask you such a question?'

"Reginald Musgrave looked at me in astonishment.

"'Now that you call it to my mind,' he answered, 'Brunton *did* ask me about the height of the tree some months ago, in connection with some little argument with the groom.'

"This was excellent news, Watson, for it showed me that I was on the right road. I looked up at the sun. It was low in the heavens, and I calculated that in less than an hour it would lie just above the topmost branches of the old oak. One condition mentioned in the ritual would then be fulfilled. And the shadow of the elm must mean the further end of the shadow; otherwise the trunk would have been chosen as the guide. I had then to find where the far end of the shadow would fall when the sun was just clear of the oak."

"That must have been difficult, Holmes, when the elm was no longer there."

"Well, at least I knew that if Brunton could do it I could also. Besides, there was no real difficulty. I went with Musgrave to his study and whittled myself this peg, to which I tied this long string, with a knot at each yard. Then I took two lengths of a fishing-rod, which came to just six feet, and I went back with my client to where the elm had been. The sun was just grazing the top of the oak. I fastened the rod on end, marked out the direction of the shadow, and measured it. It was nine feet in length.

"Of course the calculation now was a simple one. If a rod of six feet threw a shadow of nine, a tree of sixty-four feet would throw one of ninety-six, and the line of the one would, of course, be the line of the other. I measured out the distance, which brought me almost to the wall of the house, and I thrust a peg into the spot. You can imagine my exultation, Watson, when within two inches of my peg I saw a conical depression in the ground. I knew that it was the mark made by Brunton in his measurements, and that I was still upon his trail.

"From this starting-point I proceeded to step, having first taken the cardinal points by my pocket-compass. Ten steps with each foot took me along parallel with the wall of the house, and again I marked my spot with a peg. Then I carefully paced off five to the east and two to the south. It brought me to the very threshold of the old door. Two steps to the west meant now that I was to go two paces down the stone-flagged passage, and this was the place indicated by the ritual.

"Never have I felt such a cold chill of disappointment, Watson. For a moment it seemed to me that there must be some radical mistake in my calculations. The setting sun shone full upon the passage floor, and I could see that the old foot-worn gray stones with which it was paved were firmly cemented together, and had certainly not been moved for many a long year. Brunton had not been at work here. I tapped upon the floor, but it sounded the same all over, and there was no sign of any crack or crevice. But fortunately Musgrave, who had begun to appreciate the meaning of my proceedings, and who was now as excited as myself, took out his manuscript to check my calculations.

"'And under,' he cried. 'You have omitted the "and under."'

"I had thought that it meant that we were to dig, but now, of course, I saw at once that I was wrong. 'There is a cellar under this, then?' I cried.

"'Yes, and as old as the house. Down here, through this door.'

"We went down a winding stone stair; and my companion, striking a match, lit a large lantern which stood on a barrel in the corner. In an instant it was obvious that we had at last come upon the true place, and that we had not

been the only people to visit the spot recently.

"It had been used for the storage of wood, but the billets, which had evidently been littered over the floor, were now piled at the sides so as to leave a clear space in the middle. In this space lay a large and heavy flag-stone with a rusted iron ring in the centre, to which a thick shepherd's check muffler was attached.

"'By Jove!' cried my client. 'That's Brunton's muffler. I have seen it on him, and could swear to it. What has the villain been doing here?'

"At my suggestion a couple of the county police were summoned to be present, and I then endeavored to raise the stone by pulling on the cravat. I could only move it slightly, and it was with the aid of one of the constables that I succeeded at last in carrying it to one side. A black hole yawned beneath, into which we all peered, while Musgrave, kneeling at the side, pushed down the lantern.

"A small chamber, about seven feet deep and four feet square, lay open to us. At one side of this was a squat brass-bound wooden box, the lid of which was hinged upwards, with this curious old-fashioned key projecting from the lock. It was furred outside by a thick layer of dust, and damp and worms had eaten through the wood so that a crop of livid fungi was growing on the inside of it. Several disks of metal, old coins apparently, such as I hold here, were scattered over the bottom of the box, but it contained nothing else.

"At the moment, however, we had no thought for the old chest, for our eyes were riveted upon that which crouched beside it. It was the figure of a man clad in a suit of black who squatted down upon his hams, with his forehead sunk, upon the edge of the box and his two arms thrown out on each side of it. The attitude had drawn all the stagnant blood to the face, and no man could have recognized that distorted liver-colored countenance; but his height, his dress, and his hair were all-sufficient to show my client, when we had drawn the body up, that it was indeed his missing butler. He had been dead some days, but there was no wound or bruise upon his person to show how he had met his dreadful end. When his body had been carried from the cellar we found ourselves still confronted with a problem which was almost as formidable as that with which we had started.

"I confess that so far, Watson, I had been disappointed in my investigation. I had reckoned upon solving the matter when once I had found the place referred to in the ritual, but now I was there, and was apparently as far as ever from knowing what it was which the family had concealed with such elaborate precautions. It is true that I had thrown a light upon the fate of Brunton, but now I had to ascertain how that fate had come upon him, and what part had been played in the matter by the woman who had disappeared. I sat down upon a keg in the corner and thought the whole matter carefully over.

"You know my methods in such cases, Watson. I put myself in the man's place, and having first gauged his intelligence, I try to imagine how I should myself have proceeded under the same circumstances. In this case the matter was simplified by Brunton's intelligence being quite first rate, so that it was unnecessary to make any allowance for the personal equation, as the astronomers have dubbed it. He knew that some valuable was concealed. He had spotted the place. He found that the stone which covered it was just too heavy for a man to move unaided. What would he do next? He could not get help from outside, even if he had some one whom he could trust, without the unbarring of doors, and considerable risk of detection. It was better, if he could, to have his helpmate inside the house. But whom could he ask? This girl had been devoted to him. A man always finds it hard to realize that he may have finally lost a woman's love, however badly he may have treated her. He would try by a few attentions to make his peace with the girl Howells, and then would engage her as his accomplice. Together they would come at night to the cellar, and their united forces would suffice to raise the stone. So far I could follow their actions as if I had actually seen them.

"But for two of them, and one a woman, it must have been heavy work, the raising of that stone. A burly Sussex policeman and I had found it no light job. What would they do to assist him? Probably what I should have done myself. I rose and examined carefully the different billets of wood which were scattered round the floor. Almost at once I came upon what I expected. One piece about three feet in length had a very marked indentation at one end, while several were flattened at the sides as if they had been compressed by some considerable weight. Evidently, as they had dragged the stone up, they had thrust the chunks of wood into the chink, until at last, when the opening was large enough to crawl through, they would hold it open by a billet placed lengthwise, which might very well become indented at the lower end, since the whole weight of the stone would press it down on to the edge of this other slab. So far I was still on safe ground.

"And now how was I to proceed to reconstruct this midnight drama. Clearly only one could fit into the hole, and that one was Brunton. The girl must have waited above. Brunton then unlocked the box, handed up the contents, presumably—since they were not to be found—and then—and then what happened?

"What smouldering fire of vengeance had suddenly sprung into flame in this passionate Celtic woman's soul when she saw the man who had wronged her—wronged her, perhaps, far more than we suspected—in her power? Was it a chance that the wood had slipped, and that the stone had shut Brunton into what had become his sepulchre? Had she only been guilty of silence as to his fate? Or had some sudden blow from her hand dashed the support away and sent the slab crashing down into its place? Be that as it might, I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutching at her treasure-trove, and flying wildly up the winding stair, with her ears ringing, perhaps, with the muffled screams from behind her, and with the drumming of frenzied hands against the slab of stone which was choking her faithless lover's life out.

"Here was the secret of her blanched face, her shaken nerves, her peals of hysterical laughter, on the next morning. But what had been in the box? What had she done with that? Of course it must have been the old metal and pebbles which my client had dragged from the Mere. She had thrown them in there at the first opportunity, to remove the last trace of her crime.

"For twenty minutes I had sat motionless, thinking the matter out. Musgrave still stood with a very pale face, swinging his lantern and peering down into the hole.

"'These are coins of Charles the First,' said he, holding out the few which had been in the box. 'You see, we were right in fixing our date for the ritual.'

"'We may find something else of Charles the First,' I cried, as the probable meaning of the first two questions of the ritual broke suddenly upon me. 'Let me see the contents of the bag which you fished from the Mere.'

"We ascended to his study, and he laid the débris before me. I could understand his regarding it as of small importance when I looked at it, for the metal was almost black

(Continued on page 458.)

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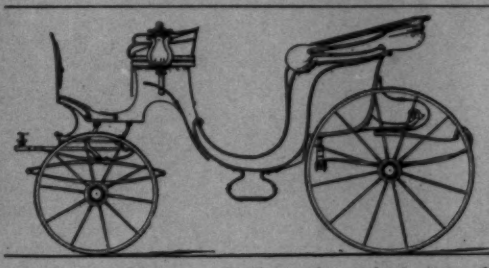

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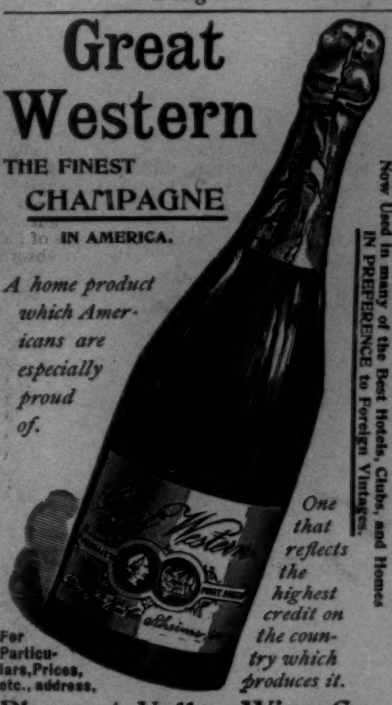

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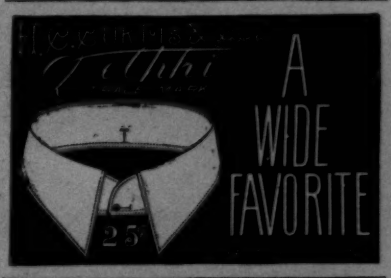

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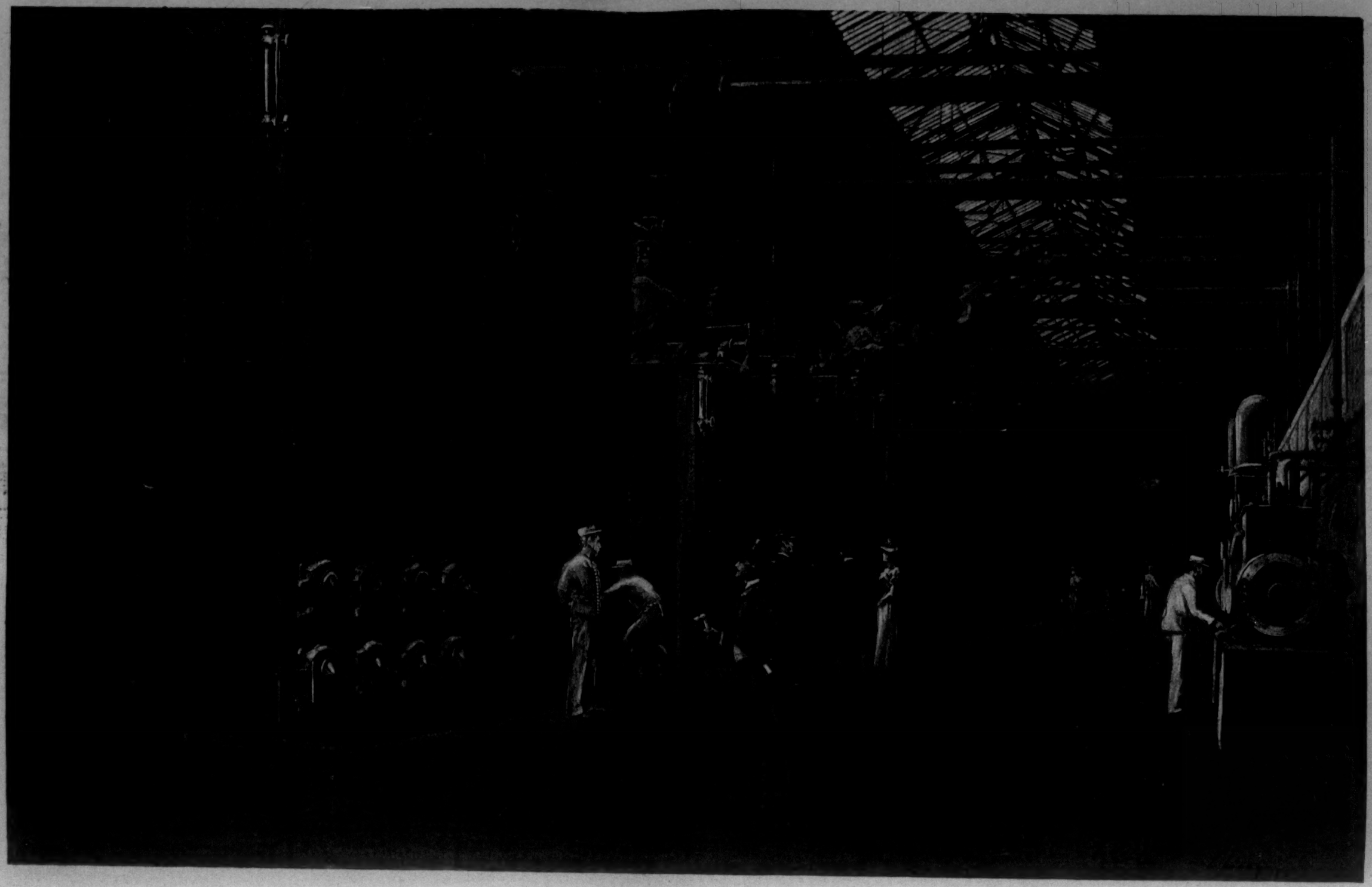
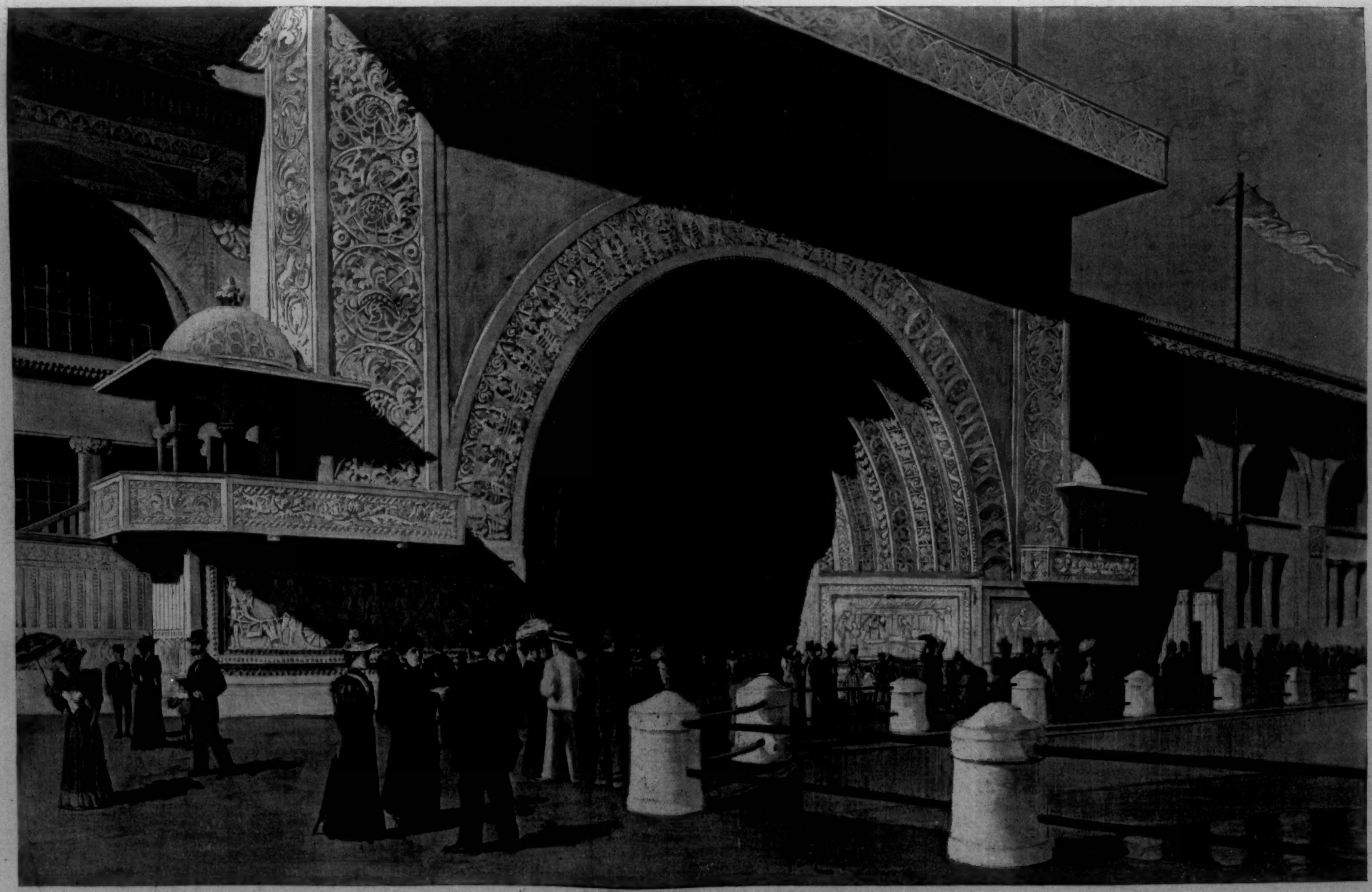


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CENTRAL POWER PLANT ANNEXED TO MACHINERY HALL.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

Looking down the long Avenue of Boilers and Furnaces. The Fires to be fed with Petroleum Oil piped from a Distance of Twenty-one Miles.—[See Page 442.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GOLDEN DOORWAY TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

(Continued from page 455.)

and the stones lustreless and dull. I rubbed one of them on my sleeve, however, and it glowed afterwards like a spark in the dark hollow of my hand. The metal-work was in the form of a double ring, but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape.

"'You must bear in mind,' said I, 'that the royal party made head in England even after the death of the king, and that when they at last fled they probably left many of their most precious possessions buried behind them, with the intention of returning for them in more peaceful times.'

"'My ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, was a prominent Cavalier, and the right-hand man of Charles the Second in his wanderings,' said my friend.

"'Ah, indeed!' I answered. 'Well, now, I think that really should give us the last link that we wanted. I must congratulate you on coming into the possession, though in rather a tragic manner, of a relic which is of great intrinsic value, but of even greater importance as a historical curiosity.'

"'What is it, then?' he gasped, in astonishment.

"'It is nothing less than the ancient crown of the kings of England.'

"'The crown!'

"'Precisely. Consider what the ritual says. How does it run? "Whoce was it?" "His who is gone." That was after the execution of Charles. Then: "Who shall have it?" "He who will come." That was Charles the Second, whose advent was already foreseen. There can, I think, be no doubt that this battered and shapeless diadem once encircled the brows of the royal Stewarts.'

"'And how came it in the pond?'

"'Ah! that is a question that will take some time to answer.' And with that I sketched out to him the whole long chain of surmise and of proof which I had constructed. The twilight had closed in and the moon was shining brightly in the sky before my narrative was finished.

"'And how was it, then, that Charles did not get his crown when he returned?' asked Musgrave, pushing back the relic into its linen bag.

"'Ah! there you lay your finger upon the one point which we shall probably never be able to clear up. It is likely that the Musgrave who held the secret died in the interval, and by some oversight left this guide to his descendant without explaining the meaning of it. From that day to this it has been handed down from father to son, until at last it came within reach of a man who tore its secret out of it, and lost his life in the venture.'

"And that's the story of the Musgrave Ritual, Watson. They have the crown down at Hurlstone—though they had some legal bother and a considerable sum to pay before they were allowed to retain it. I am sure that if you mentioned my name they would be happy to show it to you. Of the woman nothing was ever heard, and the probability is that she got away out of England, and carried herself and the memory of her crime to some land beyond the seas."

A MAY SONG.

BLOW wind from out the south,
And hither swiftly bring
A message from the mouth—
The fragrant mouth of spring;
And when is heard the whispered word,
Each brook shall be a string,
To whose sweet melody the bird
Shall sing—shall sing!

Blue as the sky the breast,
And blue the sudden wing
Shall be of this glad guest—
This happy guest of spring;
He knows by rote her cheery note,
And all the air shall ring
When he with rapture in his throat
Shall sing—shall sing!

Blow wind, and breathe of May
And wildflowers blossoming,
Of buds upon the spray,
To welcome in the spring;
The brook shall be a minstrel free,
And every waking thing
With her blue herald in the tree
Shall sing—shall sing!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE necessity of changing the policy that has existed since the foundation of this government in relation to immigration into this country is becoming more apparent to every observing citizen, and the placing of restriction upon the rights of immigration, so as to prevent the incoming and settlement among us of undesirable classes, is almost universally conceded.

When the existing policy of unrestricted immigration was first declared, this was a sparsely settled continent, with many millions of acres of land open to settlement; and, as in nearly all new countries, its development demanded the employment of large armies of laborers.

To-day, the public lands owned by the government have nearly all been sold, and fewer opportunities are afforded to the settler without means to create a home in the United States, while the events that have transpired in the labor centres of this country during the past five years teach us that we have a supply of labor that exceeds the demand. These two facts demonstrate that the time has arrived when there should be a change in our policy in relation to immigration. It was originally contemplated that the people who would avail themselves of our liberal offers to immigrants would be such as would, after a short time, assimilate with our people, and become believers in our form of government, and in the necessity of maintaining our institutions and our civilization for the reason that they guaranteed the greatest good to our people.

During the past few years we have observed a decided change in the character of immigration. People who refuse to assimilate with us, and whose birth and education—religious, political, and social—are at variance with ours, tend rather to destroy than to improve the condition of our country and of our civilization. That all such classes, no matter whence they come, should be excluded from the United States must be apparent to all.

Having been confronted with the immigration of one of these undesirable classes for many years, and knowing the evils resulting therefrom, we of the Pacific coast feel that we are in a better position to judge of their desirability than are our Eastern friends, who must judge the race and its contaminating influences by the comparatively few who have drifted East.

The Chinese are an undesirable immigration from a political, social, and economical stand-point. We have permitted and encouraged immigration in the past because of the belief that each immigrant had a money value, in that his labor, as applied to the development of the natural resources of the country, produced some new value, which enriched the community and increased the wealth of the nation.

The Chinese immigrants are actuated by different purposes from those of other aliens. They have no intention of remaining here longer than is necessary to acquire a sum of money sufficient to maintain them in their own land. All expect to return there some day, taking with them the profit of their labor here.

They bring no families with them, and do not become permanent residents, but are mere birds of passage, whose labor earnings represent no increase of wealth in the State.

They establish no domestic relations here, found no homes, and in no wise increase or promote the growth of the community in which they reside, and are, for these reasons, to be considered as different from the other immigrants, and their coming should be regulated by different laws from those applying to other alien races who come here. The latter come, with few exceptions, with no intention of returning to their native land. Their earnings are retained here, they marry, families are established, homes builded; and many other citizens find, in time, employment in satisfying the wants thus created. Farms are subdivided, and small settlements established; towns spring up, and the country experiences the benefit of their growth and development.

The Chinaman does none of these things. He comes a bachelor and remains one, animated only by the desire of living as cheaply as possible, spending as little as possible, and returning to his native land with his earnings.

He lives in hovels that a white man could not exist in. He acquires no vested rights in realty, and on his departure the country is poorer by the amount he takes with him.

If we had had in California a number of white laborers equal to the number of our Chinese, we would have retained here many millions of dollars which have been sent to China, and we would have a far greater measure of prosperity than we now enjoy.

Is it a good policy to encourage the immigration of a class of laborers coming with the purpose of the Chinese?

During the past few years the commissioners of immigration on the Atlantic side have returned to Europe many laborers who were in the habit annually of coming over to the United States in the summer to labor as stone-cutters and toilers generally, and who returned to their native land in the fall, there to enjoy the fruits of the summer's work; and public sentiment in the East approved of the action of the department.

The only difference between this class of European laborers and the Chinese is that the Chinaman remains and labors during the winter, and thus increases the amount he finally withdraws.

The resident laborers of the country, the men who bear the burdens of maintaining the government, and who are relied on to defend it when attacked, are entitled to protection against this class of labor, no matter whence it comes; and the government that fails to so protect its citizens is guilty of negligence and indifference to the necessities of its people.

Another objection to the Chinese is founded on their attitude toward our government. It cannot be in accord with good public policy to permit a foreign people in large numbers to reside in our midst, as the Chinese do, and yet recognize allegiance not to our government, but to the government of their native land. Nearly all of the Chinese in the United States come from one province of China, and are members of one or the other of the Six Chinese Companies, so called, who control the movements and the affairs of their members.

The Chinese here live to themselves; they adopt none of the customs or habits of our people, but retain the dress, manners, and mode of life of their native land. They acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Emperor of China over them and their affairs in the United States. In fact, they establish a little Chinese Empire in our midst, and recognize their allegiance to the laws of the mother country rather than to our laws.

During the past week the Chinese consul in San Francisco, wearying of the internecine strife of these people, has issued his proclamation calling their attention to the fact that in carrying on this warfare they were violating a law not of the United States, but of China, and threatening them that he, as a representative of the Chinese government, would arrest the violators of its laws and return them to China, where they would be punished in accordance with the laws of that country.

Can any lover of this government believe that the further immigration of a class of people who, while here, recognize allegiance to a foreign power, and are amenable to its laws, can be a benefit to this land? And should we permit them to establish themselves in large numbers in our midst?

Suppose a hundred thousand Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, or numbers of other foreign races, should establish themselves as a colony in a portion of New York or Boston, recognizing their allegiance not to our laws, but to the laws of their native land, how long would the people of the East permit such immigration? We of the West do not believe such to be beneficial to the country.

From political considerations, then, this state of affairs should not be permitted to continue. If no other reason were found for the exclusion of the Chinese, this condition should be sufficient. We of California, who have been intimately acquainted with the Chinese character for years, find other objections, based upon their moral and social conditions.

No person who has visited the Chinese quarters in San Francisco but would bear me witness of their degrading influence in a community.

The Chinaman in the East is represented as a peaceable, innocent laborer. The Chinese that we have to deal with in California do not sustain the reports generally sent us from the East, and even from China; and it has been represented to us that the immigration from China is from one province, and that province one of the lowest, socially, in China.

Instead of being a law-abiding peaceable class, we find them, as might be expected from their social condition, the very contrary; and we can hardly expect more of them, as the history of the world shows that large bodies of men emigrating from their native land to new countries, with no intention of remaining there, or of establishing social or domestic relations there, never feel the social or moral restraint of permanent citizens.

In the prisons of California there is a greater percentage of Chinese than of any other nationality; and this is not owing to race prejudice, for the experience of our courts teaches us that, owing to their almost absolute disregard of the sanctity of an oath, it is much more difficult to convict them than other criminals.

Again, in their communities, they practise many vices hitherto unknown to our civilization, which, from their novelty, attract the attention of our youths, many of whom adopt their vile practices. To-day nearly all of the white criminals of California practise all of the Chinese vices, opium-smoking and the others. Our asylums are being filled with victims of the practises of their peculiar civilization, and our prisons with themselves and the men who have been defiled by contact with them. We recognize their value as cheap laborers in the vineyard and in the fields. But we know that the money value of their labor to the employer in no wise compensates for the destruction of our young people and the impoverishment of our country.

Again, and for these reasons, because their competition is destructive to the rest of American labor, and because their social and domestic relations are at variance with our conception of what is best for society and best for the people, do we believe that their further immigration should be absolutely restricted; and this rule, in turn, should be applied to all other races against whom the same objections can be urged.

T. J. GEARY.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

II.—THE KING OF ROARING CREEK.

"THE great fault of story-tellers is their absurd struggle for striking effects," observed Jones, with a sententious air, after getting his second cigar well started. "Unless the average story-teller has something out of the way, or blood-curdling, or utterly impossible, he thinks he has nothing to relate at all. Hair-breadth escapes and marvellous encounters are not the only things in this world. The interesting lies all about us. Better a quiet tale well told than a story of shipwreck on the coast of lost Atlantis in the style of a Patent Office report. Genius, gentlemen, illumes the lowly and gilds the every-day with the splendor which rested on Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold."

"That's a very true observation, Jones," returned Jackson Peters. "Oddly enough, I was just on the point of relating a little incident which illustrates it to perfection. I was out in Kansas last fall on election day. It seems that in one precinct a woman had by mistake voted a receipt for currant-jelly instead of the regular ticket, and whenthe female inspectors of election came to it while counting the vote, they read it, and got into a dispute as to whether or not currant-jelly made by it would jell, and—"

"Come, come, Jackson, our friends here do not want to listen to any such stuff as this. You somehow fail to give to it that touch of genius for which you are so celebrated. Besides, I made those discriminating remarks of mine as a prelude to a humble tale of an experience of my own in Missouri."

"But, Jones," said Robinson, "you often relate the exciting and marvellous yourself."

"Certainly—when it is true. I am not afraid of the striking, or even the improbable, if it come within my experience, and I can vouch for each word of it. For instance, when I told you recently of how I once caught an escaped circus tiger by inducing him to put his tail through an auger-hole in a board fence, and then tying a knot in the tail, did I seem ill at ease? I think not. The more subdued incident which I started to relate happened to me when I had a store in a little backwoods Missouri town. I had not been open a week when one day a large, angular man with a protruding lower jaw came in and asked my prices on plug tobacco, revolver cartridges, bowie-knives, and bear-traps. He was a strikingly large man, probably six feet four, and must have weighed considerably over two hundred pounds. He was well proportioned, and seemed as quick and active as a cat. He carried a heavy pistol in a holster, and appeared irritable and captious. I gave him the figures he asked for, and also mentioned that I carried a full line of pocket-flasks, brass knuckles, and tools suitable for breaking jail. He listened, and then said: 'Podner, my name is Whipsaw Pepper, and I'm the King of Roaring Creek. I live up at the head of the creek, where the Old Giasticus sharpens his fangs on the bones of his dead. Everybody on Roaring Creek looks up to me and does as I says. They all trade at the store where I say, and I'm in the habit of getting my terbacker and things free for directing of 'em to a store. I'm willing to do this by you.' He stopped, and his hand rested lightly on the butt of his revolver. Gentlemen, I saw that my success in that neighborhood depended on my action. I laid down the dredge which I used for scratching dried apples out of a barrel, stepped around from behind the counter, and kicked Mr. Pepper heavily. Before he could express his surprise, either orally or Delsartely, I kicked him the whole length of the store, about ten feet at each kick, and through the front door, leaving a large, jagged hole in it. I then painted this sign, and put it on the front of my building:

> **Roaring Creek men are directed to buy their goods at this store. Those disobeying this order will be shot. Enter by the hole through which I kicked the Old Giasticus.**
> **JONES, King of Pike County.**

I had no further difficulty, and did a lively business for three years, my chief trade coming from the Roaring Creek settlement."

Jones paused and silently took a match from Smith's proffered box.

Robinson straightened up and said, "Jones, that was a good story."

"Thank you, Robinson, for saying so. Merely a plain account of what happened. But what would our condition now be had we listened to the depressing tale of my young friend here, Jackson Peters, of the lady who cast a curl-paper for Prohibition? Jackson is all right, but he is young yet. No man can be a good story-teller till he is fifty years old, and has had large experience in different parts of the world."

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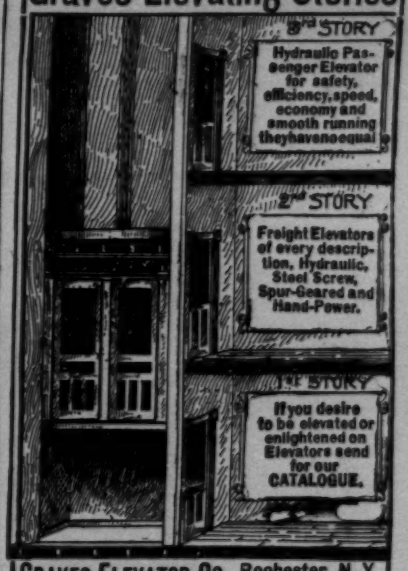
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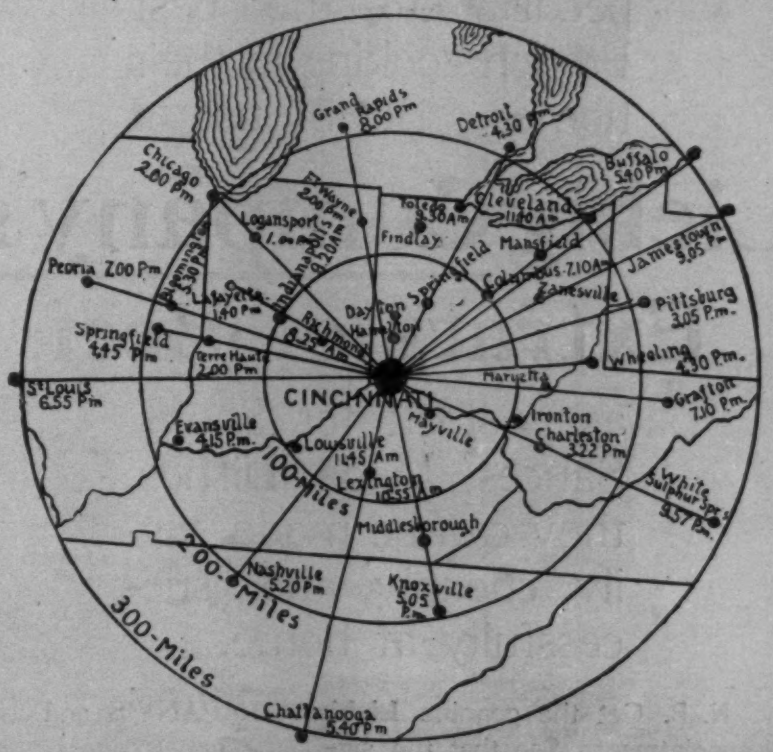

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